

The Listener

and

B.B.C. Television Review

Vol. LXV. No. 1669.

THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1961

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CHICAGO



A gannet, one of many birds which live on food from the sea: see 'Birds Like Fishes', by A. H. Sykes, page 525.

The Future of South Africa

By Sir Ivor Jennings

Thoughts on 'Art and Anarchy'

By Roberto Gerhard

Moral Forces in Victorian England

By G. Kitson Clark

The United States and China

By Richard Van Alstyne

Problems in Translating the Bible

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Governments as Impresarios

By Bamber Gascoigne

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The Listener

Vol. LXV. No. 1669

Thursday March 23 1961

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

CURRENT AFFAIRS:

The Effects of Dr. Verwoerd's Decision (Sir Ivor Jennings)	511
Trek into Isolation (Peter Flinn)	512
The United States and China (Richard Van Alstyne)	513
Helping the Under-developed Countries (Paul Bareau)	515

THE LISTENER:

Waiting Audiences?	516
What They Are Saying (Stanley Mayes)	516

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

Treasures of Hexham Abbey (Yvonne Adamson)	517
Prompting Kirsten Flagstad (Rudolf Offenbach)	517
Ivy Never Sere (Harry Soan)	518
Cash for the Cake-walk (Marion Baines)	518

ART:

Thoughts on 'Art and Anarchy' (Roberto Gerhard)	519
---	-----

HISTORY:

The Making of Victorian England—II (G. Kitson Clark)	521
--	-----

THE THEATRE:

Governments as Impresarios (Bamber Gascoigne)	523
---	-----

ZOOLOGY: Birds Like Fishes (A. H. Sykes)

525

POEMS:

Dedications (Robert Nye)	526
Annunciation (Graham Hough)	530

LITERATURE:

Problems in Translating the Bible (C. F. D. Moule)	527
Book Reviews (Sir Herbert Read, David Thomson, John Holloway, W. J. H. Sprott, H. B. Acton, Margaret Medley, Leonard Clark, and L. T. C. Rolt)	537
New Novels (Burns Singer)	541

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK

528

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

From Sam Black, C. G. Stuttard, Deryck Cooke, Benjamin Frankel, Eva Holloway, Patricia Mackey, Kenneth Mason, Hugh Plommer, F. A. Carter, and Mark Haymon	533
---	-----

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television Documentary (Peter Pound)	542
Television Drama (Anthony Cookman)	543
Sound Drama (Frederick Laws)	543
The Spoken Word (Joanna Richardson)	544
Music (Rollo H. Myers)	544

MUSIC: Rameau's *Dardanus* (Martin Cooper)

545

BRIDGE (Harold Franklin and Terence Reese)

546

ABOUT THE HOUSE

547

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

547

CROSSWORD NO. 1,608

547

The Effects of Dr. Verwoerd's Decision

By SIR IVOR JENNINGS

THE first effect of South Africa leaving the Commonwealth is that there can no longer be any question of handing over the three High Commission territories—that is, Bechuanaland, Basutoland and Swaziland—to the new Republic of South Africa. The Bechuana, the Basuto, and the Swazi are British subjects or British-protected persons, and they could not be transferred to South Africa without their consent—which they would never give. This is a serious matter for South Africa, because the only plan of *apartheid* ever drawn up, that of the Tomlinson Report, assumed that the High Commission territories could be treated as Bantu reserves. That plan never was very practicable; it will now have to be torn up.

The High Commission territories have in fact been asylums for those escaping from the sort of trouble which occurred after Sharpeville. Hundreds of people were then arrested at two o'clock in the morning. Many others, including the Bishop of Johannesburg, escaped into the territories. But this raises another question. At the moment all South Africans, white, black, and coloured, are British subjects. They have as much right to enter the United Kingdom as British subjects born in the United Kingdom. They have no right to enter the High Commission territories, but they can hardly be kept out when they are political refugees. When they cease to be British subjects, will they have the same privilege of asylum?

It works the other way also. Many British subjects and British protected persons obtain employment in South Africa. Obviously this is the sort of thing to be settled by agreement.

Legislation will in any case have to be passed, and perhaps the Irish example will be followed. The Irish are not British subjects, but they are not aliens either, and so it is possible for people on both sides of the Irish Sea to pass across freely, without passports and without restrictions.

The refugees create another problem. Some of them, no doubt, are chargeable with crime, and they can be surrendered under the Fugitive Offenders Acts. Those Acts will cease to apply when South Africa leaves the Commonwealth. They will have to be replaced by treaties under the Extradition Act, and such treaties will be difficult to negotiate because South Africa has a mass of criminal offences as part of the policy of *apartheid*. It is only a slight exaggeration to say that an African cannot blow his nose into a white handkerchief. Obviously the United Kingdom Parliament will not help the South African Government to enforce repressive laws.

I have mentioned one economic effect, but there are several others. South African goods entering Britain and British goods entering South Africa enjoy a preferential rate of customs duty. This will disappear on both sides unless new legislation is passed. Can we any longer give South African sherry the advantage which Cyprus sherry will continue to have, and Spanish sherry has not? South Africa can, if it pleases, remain within the sterling area because that is not necessarily a Commonwealth matter. On the other hand, such things as the rates for sending cables, the postage rates, and so on, will have to go up unless new legislation is enacted. South Africa will be even more cut off from civilization than

it is now. The average Afrikaner will not mind: the old Boer farmer rather likes to think of himself as a rugged individualist who cares for nobody if nobody cares for him. But it is bad luck for the English South African.

There is one point of wider significance. It is that membership of the Commonwealth must now be taken to imply a reasonable standard of civilized government. Racial intolerance is not the only defect from which Commonwealth countries may suffer. There are other forms of political repression than those based on colour. If a Commonwealth country went communist, I suppose everybody would agree

that it should be pushed out. Obviously the case would have to be as extreme as that of South Africa, but Dr. Verwoerd was right in saying that not everybody in the Commonwealth has clean hands. What is more, black intolerance is as objectionable as white intolerance.

This leads me to my final point. The one place in Africa in which a genuine attempt is being made to develop a non-racial policy is the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. The defection of South Africa seems to imply that that attempt ought to be regarded with more sympathy than it has hitherto received in Britain.

—From 'Ten O'Clock' (Home Service)

Trek into Isolation

By PETER FLINN, B.B.C. South Africa correspondent

BY mere arithmetical calculation, the overwhelming majority of the 15,000,000 population of South Africa is pleased with the result of the Prime Ministers' conference. The 10,000,000 Africans feel that their oppressor, Dr. Verwoerd, has been trounced, although they cannot see that it will make much difference to their servitude. The jubilation of over 1,000,000 Afrikaner Nationalist die-hards lends support to an Opposition theory that Dr. Verwoerd never expected to stay in the Commonwealth. Indeed, he himself stated clearly before the conference that he would only accept unconditional full membership. He laid it down that the conference had no right to discuss South Africa's internal affairs.

He volunteered to explain his policy, but he made it clear that it could not be altered. In the past twelve months his speeches have built up the proposition that it would be the fault of the other Prime Ministers if South Africa did not stay in the Commonwealth. As far back as this time last year, summing up Mr. Macmillan's visit, Dr. Verwoerd said that neither the monarchy nor the Commonwealth would protect white civilization in Africa. He said: 'The British Prime Minister has told us quite clearly that we are now on our own. So Britain stands for the submission to black rule of the white man in Africa'. And today a comment typical of many white South Africans is: 'The Prime Minister did the only thing possible in London. He couldn't be dictated to by a lot of natives'.

This actual remark came from a supporter of the Opposition United Party who said he was now going to join the Nationalists. He was an exception in his party, but his head was turned in the direction in which Dr. Verwoerd hopes to shepherd all the white South Africans. Dr. Verwoerd can succeed only if the country is isolated. Only South Africa's isolation under the Nationalists for the past thirteen years could have permitted this modern industrial state to be ruled by Ministers and top Civil Servants drawn exclusively from one racial group representing one-tenth of the population—the Afrikaner Nationalists.

In a country open to the winds of change it would be unthinkable. Impossible to imagine Belgium, for instance, ruled exclusively by the Flemish. The nearest parallel is the backward African country of Liberia, where the descendants of freed American Negro slaves lord it over the native Africans. Dr. Verwoerd, however, has offered to admit English-speaking South Africans to the oligarchy, and no doubt, after the conference, he expects they will feel no alternative but to join the laager of white men isolated at the tip of Africa. Already the Prime Minister has taken one geographical step into the

laager. He has given up the claim, made by every preceding South African Prime Minister, to the neighbouring British territories of Bechuanaland, Basutoland, and Swaziland. His defiance of the United Nations is leading towards the loss of the mandate over South West Africa—an area nearly as big as the Union itself.

What can interrupt this trek into isolation? The United Party Opposition will say in Parliament next week that the Prime Minister has sacrificed South Africa's Commonwealth heritage to maintain the Nationalist Party's racial principles; but they will agree that the white man must rule here. The Opposition Progressives have called for a national convention. The only other opposition inside the country comes from the small but growing minority of dissident Nationalists, from the Liberals, and from the Africans.

The Africans may be expected to strike and demonstrate as they have been doing for the past thirteen years of Nationalist rule. Today, however, the police are better equipped and have been regrouped to coincide with the Army areas of command. Outside the country, economic pressure continues, and economics have never been Dr. Verwoerd's strong subject. Although the trade boycott was a flop in total figures, it hit hard in some sectors—for instance, citrus exports; and fruit and wool exports may be further curtailed by loss of Commonwealth preferences. The gold-mines and all private industry are finding that the flow of new development capital has dried up. It may be that the most compelling judgment on Dr. Verwoerd's trek into isolation will not be that of the Commonwealth politicians; it may come from the world's investors, who must decide in terms of hard cash whether his policy will work.

—From 'Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

THE LISTENER and B.B.C. Television Review

next week will include

The Secondary Modern School Today
By William Taylor

A Good Friday in Japan
By James Kirkup

The Political Revolution in Victorian England
By G. Kitson Clark

Thinking about China

The United States and China

By RICHARD VAN ALSTYNE

FOR some time many people, especially, perhaps, the British have believed that the differences between the United States and Communist China could be resolved, or at least softened, if only the United States would recognize the government of Mao Tse-tung. Others—or rather, as I suspect, the same people—have believed that the road to peace lies through the admission of Communist China to the United Nations. And now, amidst the general acclaim for the new Kennedy Administration, the hope is often voiced that at last America herself will awake to the situation, by no longer impeding Communist China's entry to the United Nations and even, eventually, by recognizing the Peking Government.

It may be that something of this sort will happen within the next four or eight years. Indeed, it seems that Communist China could join the United Nations now—if she wants to. A majority vote in the Assembly can bring that about. America no longer controls the majority and it is conceivable that, in this case, she would not try to.

The threat often heard during the Eisenhower regime that, if Communist China were bowed into the United Nations, the United States would bow itself out, has a hollow ring. Die-hards in the United States would undoubtedly scream; Republican politicians might even force the Kennedy Administration to register a formal protest; but this time the signs are against them. However, the admission of Communist China to the United Nations is one thing. Recognition of the Peking regime by Washington is another—because it would strike at the very heart of a sensitiveness which American public opinion feels about China more than about any other foreign question.

To the outsider, and particularly to the European, the reflection of this sensitive public opinion in a refusal by a large number of Americans to appreciate the political facts of life seems entirely irrational. But what appears to be against all the rules of common sense is rooted in certain fixed ideas about China which began forming in the United States well over a century ago, which crystallized in about the year 1900, and which have been firmly and widely held there ever since. These ideas found expression in two innocuous phrases which became current sixty years ago and which have, until very recently, recurred with monotonous regularity in the annals of American diplomacy. They are: the 'Open Door', and 'the territorial integrity and political independence' of China. Constant usage gave to these phrases, especially the first one, a peculiar sanctity; and to make them a reality became an inflexible national resolve.

Certain ambitions and desires stood behind these phrases—ambitions and desires which are as old as the American Republic itself. There were two ambitions—to become first in the

commerce of the Far East, and to take the lead in the carrying trade of the Pacific Ocean. Then there were two desires—to convert the heathen Chinese to evangelical Protestant Christianity, and to exercise political ascendancy over the affairs of China. Behind these attitudes were two driving forces.

The first of these forces originated with the wealthy trading and shipping interests of the Atlantic seaboard as far back as the early eighteen-hundreds, and the Navy in due time identified itself with them. (The latter had a permanent cruising squadron in

China waters as early as 1835, and, lacking a base of its own, it was admitted to the use of British facilities, notably Hong Kong, after 1842. It continued to make use of British facilities until after the conquest of Manila in 1898.) By the middle of the century these trading and maritime interests were confident that they would soon command the trade of East Asia. The port of San Francisco, wrested from Mexico in 1848, would give them the needed advantage, for Europe as well as the United States itself would prefer

the direct steamship and rail route across the Pacific and North America to the long haul round the Cape of Good Hope.

The Suez Canal, opened in 1869, checked this ambition, and American mercantile and shipping interests in China then tended to decline. Their place was taken near the end of the century by industrial corporations, investment bankers, and transportation companies who saw in China a tremendous potential market for American capital and the products of American factories. The activities of these concerns reached a climax between 1900 and 1910, when evidence of the scope of their ambitions is seen in the plans of the railroad operator Edward H. Harriman, who proposed to create a transportation empire that would girdle the earth. Harriman already controlled the Union Pacific Railroad; he had a shipping line across the Pacific; and after the Russo-Japanese war he tried to buy himself into the Japanese-owned South Manchurian railway—to be followed by acquisition of an interest in the Trans-Siberian railway. The efforts of Harriman and others were encouraged, and for a short time fostered, by the United States Government.

Evangelical Protestantism, the second of these driving forces behind United States attitudes to China, is almost as old an element in Sino-American relations as commerce; and in the long run its influence was even more potent and pervasive—for the Protestant missionaries succeeded in creating an image of China and in formulating a national purpose *vis-à-vis* that country which sank deep into the American mentality.

Historically China has always been the principal field of American missionary activity. The first mission stations date back to the eighteen-thirties, but for many years they had but poor



Chinese girls in a hall in Shanghai built by American missionaries: a photograph taken at the beginning of the century

success. They aroused the hostility of the mandarins, who saw Christianity as a threat to the existing social order; and they fell victim to numerous mob attacks in the treaty ports. Indeed, they seem to have been a factor in inciting the anti-foreign feelings which grew in virulence in China during the nineteenth century. However, the missionaries' zeal was not only undeterred but reinforced, for during the eighteen-eighties a great religious revival got under way in the United States, and carried along with it a revitalized interest in the cause of Christianity in China. The missionaries, recruited from the comfortable, church-going classes of New England and the Middle West, believed without question in the inherent superiority of the American way of life over all others and attributed its strength to Protestant Christianity. Originally they concentrated in China on teaching fundamentalist religion, but during the early nineteen-hundreds they shifted their attention more to the remedying of social evils, and to the establishment of schools and colleges which combined religious instruction with the blessings of a secular education.

This change of approach brought the missionary movement substantial success. For one thing, it attracted many young Chinese into the American schools which were set up in China. Some of these Chinese converts went on to attend colleges and universities in the United States. Dr. Wellington Koo at Columbia University, and Madame Chiang Kai-shek at Wellesley College in Massachusetts are only the best known of many. When these students returned to China, they became involved in the rising spirit of Chinese nationalism—as did the missionaries.

As American interest in the Far East grew, with a consequent demand for books and instruction on the history and customs of China, the missionaries (or their associates) stepped into the breach. They were articulate, and they were virtually the only Americans who knew anything about China and its history. They furnished both the teachers and the text-books on China in American colleges and universities; beyond that they supplied the recruits for the American consular and diplomatic corps in the Far East, and their influence permeated the halls and inner offices of the Department of State in Washington.

It would be hard indeed to over-emphasize the extent of the influence of the missionaries in shaping and directing the Far Eastern policies of the United States. Beginning with President McKinley, they received special recognition from the executive branch of the Government; many of them, such as Bishop Bashford of the Methodist Church, had ready access to successive presidents and secretaries of state; and their advice and recommendations, which were invariably in favour of a forward policy in China, were heeded. Taft and Wilson in particular were amenable to their influence. What little Wilson knew of the Far East came from his missionary friends and acquaintances; and he provides us with a particular noteworthy instance of direct missionary influence. In 1913 he and his Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan, stipulated that anyone appointed as American Minister in Peking must belong to an evangelical Protestant church. Not even the Unitarian president of Harvard University could qualify in their eyes. Their selection fell on Dr. Paul S. Reinsch, son of a Lutheran clergyman of Wisconsin. Reinsch, who had taught a course on the history of the Far East at the University of Wisconsin, served at the Peking post through the period of the first world war; and he was indefatigable in pushing American business as well as church interests in China.

As late as 1936 Henry L. Stimson recorded his awareness

of the missionaries. Nor must the immeasurable influence exerted by them on both houses of Congress be forgotten. How many missionaries, or friends and relatives of missionaries, have served over the past half-century as members of congress or as senators, it would be hard to say. But their number would bear little relation to the influence they were able to exert in the country as a whole, which was and is both consistent and overwhelming.

For many years missionaries, business men, and government officials collaborated in the movement to implant American social and economic institutions in China; and of the three the missionaries were by far the most powerful. Thus Bishop Bashford actively supported American attempts at economic penetration of Manchuria and obtained from President Taft personal assurances that he would stand behind the claims of China to sovereignty over that country. Minister Reinsch, in whose selection Bashford had a hand, vigorously supported American business in China against Japanese interests. In the early nineteen-twenties Professor Tyler Dennett, in his book *Americans in Eastern Asia*, actually pictured the missionary side by side with the soldier 'as equally worthy of the confidence and support of those who are truly determined to safeguard the democracy of the world'.

Yet about this time the alliance in China between the American missionary and the American business man broke up. Chinese nationalism was now a force to be reckoned with, and the Nationalists pounced upon the treaty system which the Western Powers had, since 1842, imposed upon China. The treaties were denounced as 'unequal', and they became the chief object of attack. Hitherto the missionaries had always accepted, and profited by, the treaties, with their stipulations regarding extra-territoriality

and the special protection—even extending to the use of force when necessary—which they accorded to the nationals of the treaty powers. But in 1924, a year memorable in the rise of the Kuomintang, the missionaries changed their whole attitude. Somehow they discovered that the treaty system, which had been in existence for eighty years, was 'sinful', and they now followed the lead of the Chinese Nationalists in denouncing it. Certainly, by 1924, Chinese Nationalist propaganda against the treaties had become so violent as to impede the work of the missionaries.

Whatever the reason for their change of mind, the missionaries now found it expedient to become staunch allies of the Nationalists. They sided with Chiang Kai-shek in his attempts to repudiate the 'unequal treaties'; and they criticized both the American business men in China and the Japanese. The latter had thrust themselves into the Chinese scene by the Twenty-One Demands of 1915. It is not clear that American business interests in China were anti-Japanese. By this time they had lost interest in China; the first world war had cured them of their dreams of a vast Chinese market, and Japan was proving herself a far better customer. She stood for law and order against the mobs incited by the Nationalists. It is certain, however, that the American missionaries in China were quick to see in Japan their principal enemy. They had the ear of powerful, vocal elements in the United States; and it was they, and not the business interests, who had become accustomed to dictating American policy in China—and this, to suit the new attitude of the missionaries, had to be one of full support for the Chinese nationalists, against the treaties and against Japan.

The demagogic Senator William E. Borah took up the cause with crusading zeal. He demanded an end to the 'unequal treaties'. Borah had previously, at the time of the Paris Peace



General Chiang Kai-shek, President of 'The National Republic of China' in Formosa since 1949

Conference, roused himself to righteous fury against Japan for trying to take over the German concessions in Shantung Province. In this he was joined by the equally vociferous senator from California, Hiram Johnson; and from then on the two never failed to contribute to the growing ill-feeling between the United States and Japan. Borah and Johnson were also anti-Europe and anti-League of Nations. (They had dedicated themselves in 1919 to the defeat of the latter; and whenever the perennial question arose of the United States joining the World Court, they raised their voices against it. These two senators led the extreme reactionary nationalist wing in the United States.) They were the real power in American foreign policy during the inter-war period which culminated in the so-called neutrality legislation of the nineteen-thirties; and they were allied, as I have said, with the missionaries and the Chinese Nationalists.

In 1931, the first year of the Far Eastern crisis, Chiang Kai-shek became a convert to Methodist Christianity; and in the minds of many of the missionaries he thereby acquired a place among the Prophets. Stories of Bible reading and daily prayer meetings in his household helped in the creation of this myth, and henceforth Chiang stood as the symbol of a beleaguered China against the aggressor, Japan. Thus Walter Judd resigned his mission post in China to go on a lecture tour of the United States to urge an embargo against Japan; and to this day Mr. Judd, who has for some years been a member of Congress from the State of Minnesota, has served as one of Chiang's principal apologists. In 1949 he exerted himself to defeat the belated efforts of the Truman Administration to find a way out of the Chinese impasse; and his continued prominence is reflected in the fact that it was he who delivered the keynote speech at the 1960 convention of the Republican Party in Chicago.

Such is the nature and strength of the 'China legend' in the United States. According to it China 'needs' the United States as a child needs its mother. It mattered not that, from the down-

fall of the Manchu Dynasty in 1911 to the Communist triumph in 1949, China was torn asunder by civil war. The myth was stronger than the reality. The child would grow to be strong and healthy, if only her foreign oppressors would leave her alone. Franklin Roosevelt, for one, was sure of it. Japan would be crushed; 'Free China' would arise in her place as 'the policeman of the Far East'; 'Uncle Joe' could be relied on to lend a hand from the north.

The Truman Administration was the first to awake from this dream. It realized in 1946-47 that the cause of Chiang was hopeless. If Nationalist China was to be saved, it would have to be made a ward of the United Nations, with American administrators taking over the government posts in China. This meant in effect that the American Government would undertake in that vast country, where the Communists were already winning, a job which the British Raj had performed, under easier circumstances, in India during the nineteenth century. It is indeed fortunate that Mr. Truman decided on a retreat.

The 'China legend' in the United States dies hard. Many people still think that Communist rule is a passing phase, that the masses on the mainland are impatiently awaiting their 'liberation'. In their eyes Chiang Kai-shek is China's legitimate ruler who deserves to be restored. But if those who think this way are becoming fewer, many more believe more strongly that Communist China must be stopped at the water's edge. There was a time, under Mr. Dulles, when it seemed as if the United States would be committed to the defence of the islands of Quemoy and Matsu. This now seems improbable. But what of Formosa? And what of the larger question of the ultimate ambitions of Communist China? Her appearance in the United Nations would answer none of these questions. And so long as they remain unanswered the 'China legend', in either its old or new form, will retain its hold over large, important, and sensitive sections of American opinion.—*Third Programme*

Helping the Under-developed Countries

By PAUL BAREAU

TWO items of news focus on the problem of aid to the poorer, less developed countries of the world. The first of these is President Kennedy's proposed ten-year development plan for Latin America. The second is a report from the Organization for European Economic Co-operation in Paris, on the flow of capital to countries in the course of economic development during the four years 1956-1959.

The first of these is a challenge; the second a mere statistical exercise. But the two hang together. The statistical exercise is a measure of what has been done and is being done, and of the task, over and above which the challenge of more aid to Latin-American countries will have to be superimposed. What President Kennedy has proposed to Latin America is a plan similar to that which bore the name of General Marshall, and which rescued the shattered economies of Western Europe from the damage of the second world war. It was out of this Marshall plan that the O.E.E.C. emerged. The Marshall Plan was the promise of American assistance, the bulk of it as outright gifts, but made on the condition that Europe would help itself.

The Kennedy plan for Latin America is in many respects a parallel to this Marshall offer. It has, however, an important political overtone in that it restates the Monroe Doctrine, and reaffirms the pledge of the United States to come to the defence of any American nation whose independence is in danger. In its economic proposals Mr. Kennedy's plan has set itself no limits. Congress has been requested to provide \$500,000,000 as a first step, but this is only a token of what is to come. The main part of this is a ten-year plan of development, industrial, agricultural, and cultural, for which the United States will provide resources, if the countries of Latin America are ready to do their part. That part will include a far larger degree of economic integra-

tion between the countries of Latin America. They should, in effect, become a common market, rather on the lines of the Economic Community and the Free Trade Association, which emerged from the collaboration of European countries during the Marshall Plan.

Part of the help for Latin America would involve the establishing of food reserves in areas of recurrent drought, and co-operation in such fields as medicine, agricultural techniques, and housing. Taken in conjunction with the previously announced scheme for mobilizing American volunteers to work in the poorer countries (Pioneers for Peace, as they are known), this is a most promising indication of the imaginative policy of the Kennedy Administration.

The amount of help already given to the less developed countries is measured by the O.E.E.C. report. This shows that during the four years 1956-1959 the total contributions from the countries of the free world to their poorer and under-developed colleagues amounted to no less than \$27,400,000,000. Of this, just about half, \$14,000,000,000, came from the United States. Second on this list is France, with contributions of nearly \$5,000,000,000. The bulk of this went to French overseas territories. Britain comes third (with just over \$3,000,000,000), and Germany fourth (with \$2,300,000,000). After that there is a big gap, and such rich countries as Switzerland and Sweden appear to have failed to pull their full weight.

This new report forms a first stage in the work by the Organization on aid to under-developed areas. Member countries have agreed to set up a regular reporting system, so that in future we shall be able to measure rather more accurately than in the past the degree to which each is making an adequate contribution to this all-important work.—*General Overseas Service*

The Listener

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The yearly subscription rate to THE LISTENER, U.S. and Canadian edition is \$7.50, including postage; special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., Eastern News Distributors, Inc., New York 14, N.Y. All communications (including letters for publication and poems which may be submitted accompanied by stamped addressed envelope) should be sent to the Editor at 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England.

Waiting Audiences?

IN the course of his eloquent plea for more support for the theatre, which is published on another page this week, Mr. Bamber Gascoigne says, speaking of the American Federal Theatre, that 'there is a huge audience waiting to come into theatres'. Certainly the 'living theatre' has been with us for a long time and there is no reason to suppose it is dying. But throughout the centuries the tastes of audiences have changed and often the theatre has been concentrated in fashionable London. In the reign of King Charles II, nearly a century after the astonishing age of Shakespeare, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, and the rest, London could only support two theatres and there were virtually none elsewhere. Long before television was established in this country or even before 'talking pictures' came in, repertory companies at Manchester, Oxford, and elsewhere had to struggle desperately for existence, the companies sometimes playing to a mere handful of people. One would like to believe that huge untapped audiences are waiting somewhere, but such statements are rarely susceptible of statistical proof.

One must remember if one looks at a question like this in terms of economics that demand must be related not merely to the quantity but to the quality of the supply. Actors like Laurence Olivier, John Gielgud or Alec Guinness will generally draw audiences to Shaftesbury Avenue or Broadway. In the same way a really good film in colour on a big screen will induce people to leave their television sets and forget about the floors covered with nut-shells and ice-cream papers, the teddy boys, and the ration of local shopkeepers' advertisements which have become the characteristics of most local cinemas. Picasso drew crowds to the Tate Gallery, crowds that normally would not think the journey worth the effort to see the permanent exhibitions there. The 'Proms' will fill up the Royal Albert Hall, but a concert of unfamiliar music may find it empty. Of the theatre in particular one is bound to ask oneself how many first-class playwrights have written for the theatre over the past forty years. For one good play by a Terence Rattigan or a Robert Bolt, how much trash is there not habitually on offer, how many managers who misfire in giving the public what they think it wants, how many local theatres that learn the bitter lesson that only a well-worn farce or mystery play will attract audiences to the 'rep.'?

Mr. Gascoigne tells us that the theatre 'has nearly always needed great patrons'. So have music and painting, sculpture and architecture and many other things that are part of the civilized way of life. But if it is governments who have to be patrons, it is not unnatural that treasury officials, however liberal-minded, like to be convinced that there are indeed vast audiences waiting, hungry sheep eager to be fed. Ours, we are told, is an affluent society; it is also an increasingly educated society. The question that has to be faced is whether it is yet ready to receive all that it is offered by a National Theatre, by the Arts Council, or by the B.B.C. How many are prepared to listen regularly to the Third Programme? How many will switch off their television set when a Shakespeare play or a concert is broadcast? One must hope that with a rising standard in education vast audiences will indeed be forthcoming for all that is worth while in our culture, and then patrons, whether in the government or elsewhere, will be able to feel that their efforts are rewarding.

What They Are Saying

Communist prescriptions for peace

MOSCOW'S FIRST REACTION to the news of South Africa's withdrawal from the Commonwealth was a Tass comment which said that the decision had been forced on Dr. Verwoerd by the 'determined and unanimous condemnation' of *apartheid* by all the Prime Ministers except Mr. Macmillan, who alone had 'sounded a discordant note'.

Dr. Adenauer's statement that he was willing to negotiate a peace treaty for an undivided Germany, but not for two German States, caused indignation in the Soviet bloc. An article in *Izvestia* said that the West German press had at first taken 'a not entirely unreasonable attitude' to the Soviet memorandum on the subject. Now, however, there were 'icy winds blowing down the Rhine again'. Moscow radio's German service declared:

In Germany there now exist two German States: a peace treaty can be concluded only with both States. To oppose the conclusion of a peace treaty with both German States is to reject in principle the peaceful settlement of the German problem. That is the logic of facts and one cannot escape it.

The East German radio *Deutschlandsender*, however, observed in a home service talk:

Any reasonable person is bound to grasp that such a treaty would in fact be a first link between the two parts . . . The world at large, and our neighbours in particular, have a right to insist on the militarists in Bonn being divested of their power . . .

Peking radio carried a statement by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs on the failure of the 103rd meeting of the American and Chinese ambassadors in Warsaw to agree on an exchange of foreign correspondents between the United States and Communist China. The Chinese Government insisted that any such exchange 'must . . . make a preliminary improvement in the present relations between the two countries'. It must also further the withdrawal of all American forces from Taiwan (Formosa). Peking said that Washington's rejection of these proposals showed that the United States had 'no sincere desire to improve Sino-American relations'. It complained of State Department 'propaganda' to the effect that the Chinese proposals on the exchange of correspondents contained 'political conditions'.

The New York Times gave a welcome in principle to the agreement reached by Congolese leaders at Tananarive, though it admitted that this was 'still embryonic':

It does away with the highly centralized regime built on the basis of the Belgian colonial administration, and seeks to replace it with a more flexible order that would take account of the Congo's tribal, ethnic and economic diversities. Whether the confederation as now planned will be firm enough to survive and pave the way to a 'more perfect union' in a federation remains to be seen, but it should be given an opportunity to prove its feasibility.

Mr. Khrushchev, broadcasting a mammoth speech from Kazakhstan on the 'virgin lands' programme, dealt with fodder, livestock, meat and grain, and strongly recommended horse-flesh. He also had something to say about planting trees:

I am in favour of forest belts, but we must be sensible about it. We have spent great sums on the establishment of forest belts and there are very few of them. There were various controversies. Comrade Lysenko took part in them. I believe I saw in actual life, and on films, forest belts of little oaks planted according to Comrade Lysenko's method . . . I should like to make my own proposals. I do not know; this is not a recommendation, but I should like you to try . . . Where there are woods, select good little birch trees, poplars and other trees—linden, for instance. Dig them out now. Dig a pit and carry them to the new place while the soil is still frozen. I assure you that not a single tree will perish . . . Had we worked that way, some ten, fifteen or twenty years later the rustle of the leaves of the forest belts on the virgin lands would have been heard, comrades! Well, this is only my proposal, and I do not deny the old method. Let us try once again the same. Perhaps we shall learn at last how to build forest belts.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
STANLEY MAYES

Did You Hear That?

TREASURES OF HEXHAM ABBEY

AT HEXHAM ABBEY in Northumberland there are some paintings on wood by anonymous medieval artists. The experts who have been looking at them recently think they are some of the finest in the country. However, they need restoration, and the Pilgrim Trust has made a grant of £1,000 for the purpose. YVONNE ADAMSON has visited the Abbey and she described the paintings in 'The Eye-witness'.

'There are over 100 medieval paintings in Hexham', she said, 'and they fall into four groups: those on the rood screen; those in the tiny chantry, the Prior Leschman Chantry near the High Altar; a further group on the north sanctuary wall behind a painted pulpit and screen; and on the choir wall. All the paintings need cleaning, lighting, and cataloguing; some are so encrusted with the dirt of ages that they are almost indecipherable.'

The Perpendicular-style rood screen has suffered perhaps the least, thanks partly to the fact that it was covered with whitewash at the time of the Reformation, which has preserved it; and it has been restored in the past. It dates from about 1500, and is considered to be the finest and most complete wooden screen remaining in any monastic church of its day in England. From its panelled base rise columns from which springs fan-tracery, supporting a loft with niches. In the panels are paintings of the Bishops of Lindisfarne and Hexham in their colourful robes. Between the western and eastern faces of the screen runs a passage, and here are delightful paintings of the Visitation and the Annunciation. On the eastern side, facing the altar, are beautiful pictures of St. Wilfrid, founder of the Abbey, Queen Ethelthryth, the wife of King Egfrith of Northumbria—she it was who gave the land on which the first church was built—and St. Andrew, to whom the church is dedicated.

These pictures, as well as the others to be restored, were probably painted by travelling artists; some have been pronounced Flemish in character, others Italian. The painted pulpit in the sanctuary is thought to have been the original pulpit from the Abbey refectory, now no more, and some of the panels behind, part of a triptych. They are slightly earlier than the screen, about 1470, and among them is a particularly rare series—a spirited 'Dance of Death'.

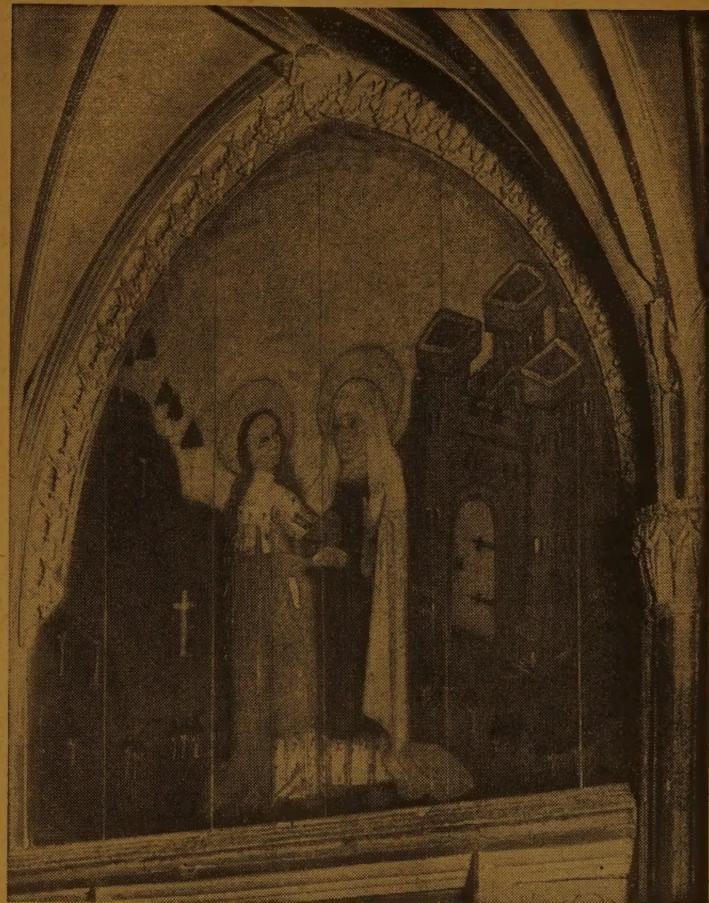
In the little Leschman Chantry close by, with its lovely woodwork carved, it is thought, by a craft guild of York, is the original reredos, also about 1470, behind the original altar. The reredos has a fairly large painting of the instruments of the Passion: the thirty pieces of silver, the garments and the dice, the sponge on the reed, and the spear. The panels on the choir wall are all but undecipherable in their present state; only where preliminary rough cleaning has been done can you make out here a face, and there a mitre. It is going to be exciting to see what does in fact eventually emerge when the restorers get to work'.

PROMPTING KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD

'One day in the late nineteen-forties', said RUDOLF OFFENBACH in a talk in the Home Service, 'I was asked to prompt a Wagnerian season—some performances of *Tristan and Isolde* and two Cycles of *The Ring* at Covent Garden Opera House.'

'In England prompting is regarded as something unimportant. People are expected to know their lines. Usually theatres here do not have a prompt box at all. But Covent Garden, being an international stage with artists used to finding a prompter when they look down, has one. However, it must have been erected as an after-thought, and it stands, as if it had nothing to do with the stage, in the middle of the orchestra pit.'

'Prompting opera is a rather peculiar thing.'



Two of the medieval paintings in Hexham Abbey, Northumberland: 'The Salutation'—



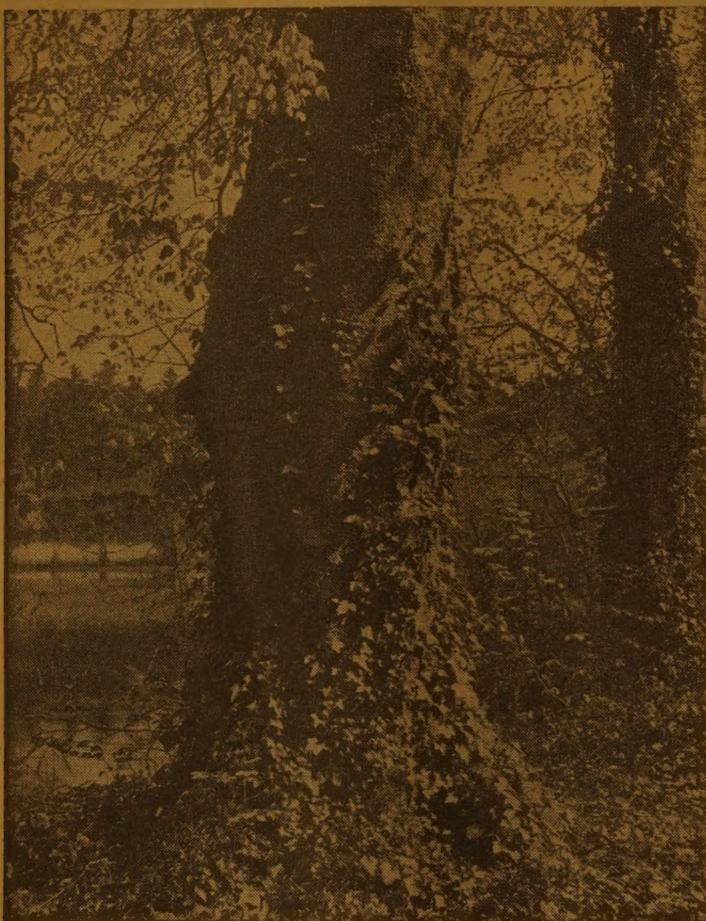
—and St. Wilfrid, founder of the Abbey

What one has to do is to follow the score closely, always being a few bars ahead and then, whenever there is a pause of a few bars without singing, to give the word cue to the singer, just in case it should be needed. I managed to learn this craft fairly soon, and enjoyed the work enormously, as it gave me the opportunity to hear and observe the greatest Wagnerian singers of those years from close quarters.

The one who impressed me most of all was Kirsten Flagstad. To watch her as Isolde, in the second act, coming out of the castle, her blond hair falling down over her white gown, and to hear her wonderful, voluptuous voice effortlessly streaming out was an experience I cannot forget. She was such a finished artist that I did not bother to think about prompting when she was on the stage. This proved to be my undoing in a memorable performance of the *Die Walküre*.

It was in the second act, after Wotan has told Brünnhilde that she was not allowed to save Siegmund. Wotan, in a rage, storms off the stage. Brünnhilde in desperation sinks to the floor and buries her head in her hands. The orchestra builds up to an enormous climax and after that breaks off completely. There are two bars complete silence and then Brünnhilde starts to sing unaccompanied: "So sah ich Siegvater nie". Well, it had all happened as it should: Brünnhilde raises her head slowly with a sorrowful expression on her face. I look up to her, my head comfortably poised on my palms, my elbows resting on the score. The two bars have gone; she does not start to sing; she blinks

down to me. I smile up into her face to let her know how much I admire her; she keeps on looking down, blinking her eyelids. Suddenly, as if I have been struck by lightning, it comes to me. Mme Flagstad has had a blackout. I look down on my score. I am



J. Allan Cash

pages behind. After what seems an eternity, I give the prompt, and she starts to sing.

'After the performance I went up to her dressing-room to apologize for my failings, etc. She was as sweet about it as only a great artist can be. She was not angry with me at all, but told me in confidence that she had been furious with the conductor, who had taken the *tempo* so slowly, that even she, who normally had the most incredible reserves of breath, could not hold out the phrases as they should be held: hence the black-out'.

IVY NEVER SERE

'Among the bare trees at this time of the year', said HARRY SOAN in 'Today' (Home Service), 'you cannot fail to notice those that carry a burden of ivy. It ranges from the thin tracery of the plant's tender youth climbing up a tree-trunk, to the stage when there is more ivy than tree, and only a few half-suffocated branches stick out of the mass. The commonness of ivy and the shape of its distinctively lobed leaves has been a godsend to botanists who, to save much tedious description, have simply named certain varieties of plants as ivy-leaved.'

'I have always regarded ivy as a mixed blessing and curse—a curse for the cover it provides for the wood-pigeon which robs the farmer. Flocks of pigeons, hiding in ivy can ensure that the cows will not be deep in clover—a plant that both of them are very partial to. On the other hand, and especially in hill country like mine, it is a blessed insurance against sheep

starvation. When snow gets too deep to carry fodder to them, I take my billhook and cut down ivy to tide them over. So while the forester goes round looking for ivy to destroy it, before it kills his trees, I go round noting the handy clusters and saying, long may they cling, as iron rations for hard times. I must emphasize this "hard times" aspect, because taken in quantity ivy can be harmful to stock, and as for human beings, the berries are poisonous, and children should never be left in ignorance of this fact.'

'Ivy is supposed to have a good many uses. An infusion of the leaves is said to remove shiny patches from clothes, and it is good for bruises. A recent discovery to me is the belief that ivy leaves applied to corns relieves the pain of them. Thinking of the miles I have miserably hobbled on corns, and of how, by snatching a few ivy leaves from a tree and stuffing them in my boots, I could have travelled as on fairies' feet, I could cry for all the years of my ignorance'.

CASH FOR THE CAKE-WALK

'At the beginning of this century', said MARION BAINES, in 'The Northcountryman' (North of England Home Service), 'a new dance craze was sweeping the United States. It had been introduced by the American Negroes and was called the cake-walk. Soon it was just as popular in England, particularly in Lancashire where I lived. A precocious nine-year-old school friend taught me the dance when I was six, and I in turn taught my nine-year-old sister Elsie. We used to practise in our tiny living-room every night; my mother would roll away the black-and-red tab rug and hum "Whistling Rufus", a tune that was always used for the cake-walk. It was not long before we were entering cake-walk competitions and winning prizes of money. The money was a godsend to my mother, a widow without means and with ten children to support.'

'One week in July 1906 an American man-and-wife dance team named Curtis and Vanity came to the Grand Theatre, Bolton's music hall: they were considered the world's finest exponents of the cake-walk. The week before they were due in Bolton a cake-walk competition was advertised to take place at the Grand, and Curtis and Vanity were to be the judges. On the spur of the moment one of my brothers called in at the stage door and entered my sister and me. We came away with the first prize—a lady's small gold watch and a gold medal—both of which my mother had to sell to buy food and pay the rent arrears.'

'In the autumn, after we had been successful in many local competitions, my sister and I went in for a contest at the Winter Gardens, Morecambe. Our mother emptied her purse of every penny to pay our railway fare. Once again we won the first prize. When we arrived home we were surprised to find our mother sitting in darkness.'

"Why haven't you lit the gas?"

"I haven't a penny for the meter", she said, poking the fire so that a tiny dart of flame sprang up. "How did you get on?"

'At first we pretended we had not won anything, and all she said was: "Well, never mind, did you have a nice time?"

'I couldn't hold out any longer: "We've won five pounds!"

'My mother just gazed, dumbfounded. She obviously did not believe us. Then we dropped the five gold coins into her large, snowy-white apron and she began to cry for joy. "Five pounds", she whispered, fingering the bright sovereigns—a fortune indeed in those days. The family coffers were filled once more—thanks to the craze for the cake-walk'.



A couple doing the cake-walk in the early nineteen-hundreds

Thoughts on 'Art and Anarchy'

By ROBERTO GERHARD

HEGL'S dismal prophecy that, in a scientific age, art would become and remain for ever a thing of the past, has haunted the imagination of historians, critics, and sociologists ever since it was made. Powerfully amplified, with a good deal of distortion and rattling of loud-speakers, it recurs in Oswald Spengler's *Decline of the West*. The reverberations of that spectacular intellectual upheaval have by no means completely died down yet. In Professor Edgar Wind's brilliant Reith Lectures, the ripples are still distinctly perceptible and the source of the commotion is not difficult to trace. He rejects Hegel's prophecy. He accepts none the less the analysis of the situation which, according to the German philosopher, was bound to lead to a drastic shift of the arts in the human interest. And whereas Spengler could express the hope that men of the new generation might be moved by his book 'to take up engineering instead of poetry, join the Navy rather than an arts school, become politicians rather than philosophers', Professor Wind is willing to examine 'what we ourselves, as recipients of art, might do, or refrain from doing, to render our participation in art more vital'. Clearly, with the catastrophic obsession, the oracular pretensions have gone too. Only the general diagnosis is confirmed, the malady persists, but the patient is not given up.

It is Professor Wind's contention that art has become dehumanized because of the artist's indulgence in a shallow mimicry of 'scientific procedures'. What are we to understand under the blanket-phrase 'scientific procedures'? It looks suspiciously like the new bogey-man. I suggest that we try to exorcise it. We may still be left with an unmanageably large-scale topic such as 'scientific method', but this offers at least some common ground between art and science. The notion that inspiration is all the artist needs—this notion Professor Wind himself is at some pains to dissipate—assumes, perhaps a little too readily, that we all are in the secret of what inspiration is and of how it works with the artist, which is doubtful. Granted that the creative artist needs method too—and it would be foolish to deny it—it stands to reason that he should have a good method rather than a poor one. The scientist will simply be incapacitated by poor method; the artist, I am afraid, will not; he may always muddle through with some measure of success. But if he is not satisfied with muddling through, and that is his own business, I see no reason why he should not try to learn, if he can, from specialists who depend on high standards of method for sheer efficacy.

An Artificial Antithesis

In the saying that the whole man and nothing but the whole man is good enough for producing a good work of art, surely the implication is: all the innate gifts in their true proportions. In other words, more method than the artist's intellect can handle or less than his temperament needs: there is trouble either way. It is an artificial antithesis that would keep art and science rigorously incommunicado. In every age the dominant ideas have had a way of fertilizing more than one field of speciality; and it is a fact of common experience that ideas, wherever they may grow, never benefit from confinement.

Gide's words about *peinture décérèbrée* and the *acte gratuit* sound incredibly futile. Incidentally, what an odd choice of words: *décérèbré* for intellectualized, and 'gratuitous' as a degrading epithet; after all, the root of the word is 'grace'. The true meaning of the so-called 'gratuitous act' is perfectly understood by scientists and artists alike. The hunch, the intimation, the divination—or, if you prefer, the dropping of one's logical stitches—goes often with the very flash of insight that can lead to the sudden discovery. The point is that the discovery comes first. The rest is methodical sweat and toil concerned with how to set about making that sudden glimpse work. Every artist knows,

from experience, that he can be method-starved as well as inspiration-starved. There is a good deal he can do about method: about inspiration, nothing. Therefore experiment must go on, in the studio no less than in the laboratory. Needless to say, what counts is the outcome. Experimental art as the outcome is a contradiction in terms. It simply means bad art.

If, by 'dehumanized' art, what is meant is abstract art, it is difficult to see why we should put it beyond the pale. Surely it is a little too simple to think of all art-experience, indiscriminately, as a 'tremendous mode of excitement'. The opposite, a 'serene mode of excitement', is equally conceivable, in spite of the apparent verbal contradiction. I think that no one, to whom this notion remains unintelligible, can ever have listened with true participation to, say, Bach's *Art of the Fugue* or even to the *Goldberg Variations*. Such works offer a range of imaginative experience perhaps greater than that of works the pleasurable response to which depends largely on more intense emotional reverberations. To regard the far reaches of the mind as 'dehumanized' because they cease to thrill us in the ordinary emotional sense of the word seems impossibly narrow-visioned. The view that art which probes into those reaches could be 'out of touch with the central energies of life' seems more typical of *l'homme moyen sensuel* than of the average spiritual man.

Refusal to Surrender the Will

If we ask what may be wrong with us today as recipients of art, we should first know who it is that asks the question, what is his 'attitude', as we say; whether he is an art historian or connoisseur with the scholarly approach, or a cultivated amateur with a predominantly intuitive approach. Professor Wind has raised pertinently the question of the will, since it is the will, or rather the gradations between willing and surrender of the will, that basically define the attitudes. The scholarly attitude obviously puts the will at a premium. Indeed, the refined abstractive techniques of expertise, so vividly described in the Reith Lectures, amount by definition to a deliberate, if temporary, refusal to surrender the will. I am not questioning the benefits accruing to the study of art from the temporary methodical disengagement that reduces the scholar's artistic perception to an 'emotionally untainted sense of form'. The doubt arising here concerns the possibility that this professional bent might conceivably produce a permanent crease: in other words, that it might eventually prove difficult for the scholar to find his way back to a full-blooded response, to an attitude of communion with the work of art. Let me put it boldly: when Professor Wind diagnoses an alarming attenuation of our responses to the work of art today, is he really speaking for all of us, or is he giving us an illuminating piece of personal introspection? Is he not, in fact, describing the predicament of a specialist no longer able to escape from his specialism?

We should not underrate the perils of deadening closure that can follow achievement and block the passage towards new thought and fresh insight. The very success of the models of the world which mathematics can set up today, to cite an example, is causing uneasiness in the minds of some mathematicians. Whitehead has warned us that 'the sense of penetration tends to be lost in the certainty of completed knowledge'.

What I am suggesting is simply that in the sombre picture Professor Wind has painted for us, facts and interpretations fit easily enough when we try to look at things from his viewpoint. The distribution of light and shade is pretty consistently what one would have expected from the bias and from the perspective of the observer. If we discount these, the picture changes considerably, and the general validity of Professor Wind's observations remains questionable.

If we ask how far his observations are true of the common

reader, the common viewer, the common listener, the only possible answer is that neither I nor Professor Wind can know what they are. Our evidence of other people's feelings, reactions, and motivations is indirect and notoriously ambiguous for the most part. What is Professor Wind's evidence that art, in our time, has ceased to be a fundamental human need? I take it that the short answer must be: degeneration or, in his own words, 'a growing atrophy of the receptive organs' due to our excessive consumption of art. 'Diffusion', he says, 'brings a loss of density'. The Spanish saying that he who embraces too much cannot hug tightly, seems to sum up Professor Wind's idea. I am fond of proverbial wisdom, but I cannot overlook the facts that atrophy of an organ is more commonly associated with lack of function than with excess, and that loss of density through diffusion—a plain enough observation in the physical world—is far from self-evident in the sphere of cultural diffusion.

Demons of a Different Calibre

But, analogies apart, let us consider Professor Wind's definition of what we lose in our too large and too bland embrace of art today. 'The sacred fear is no longer with us', he says. That is the loss. The demon of the imagination Plato tried to exorcise can no longer scare us. Frankly, I think that Plato was more consistent than Professor Wind. One cannot logically allow for causes of anxiety in Utopia, by definition a perfect state of affairs. But we are late-comers in civilization: what sense does it make to wish we were more primitive than we really are, as Professor Wind seems to wish? Besides, the dread of the artist's imagination that haunted Plato is overshadowed today by more substantial fears. We have learned to dread the scientist's imagination more than the artist's. The demons we have to cope with are of a different calibre. Certainly, the obsession with fear in our time is understandable, and in relation to that obsession we can readily agree that science has driven the arts into a marginal position in the imaginative life of man.

This is so obvious, it would not be worth stating, were it not for the new twist it has been given by the more hysterical among the commentators, who are already clamouring that any contemporary work of art that does not reflect 'existential terror' is merely inconsequential, humanly irrelevant doodling. I cannot imagine Professor Wind agreeing with the German music-sociologist Wiesengrund Adorno in this view. *Art engagé*, of which Adorno's is as bad a form as any, is a notion that Professor Wind dismisses, and, I think, rightly. The creative artist accepts no task-master. His activity is an activity of the mind, of the whole mind, which is something more comprehensive than any one single manifestation in which it may express itself. To quote the American poet Wallace Stevens:

The mind has added no artifice to human nature. It is a violence within that protects us from a violence without. It is the imagination pressing back against the pressure of reality. It seems, in the last analysis, to have something to do with our self-preservation; and that, no doubt, is why the expression of it . . . helps us to live our lives.

Eagerness and Emotional Balance

The life that art helps us to live is the life of the imagination. How other people live the life of the imagination we can only conjecture; we can feel it sympathetically, but we cannot know it with any degree of certainty. Yet if we can observe that what contemporary art has to offer is absorbed by our generation with an 'eagerness and with a degree of intelligence which leaves older generations speechless', as Professor Wind observes; if the new and unfamiliar no longer produces the tantrums that, as he says, it used to produce in the past, then it is hard to see why this should be taken, as Professor Wind takes it, for an alarming surrender to art 'at almost any terms'. On his own evidence, the terms are eagerness, intelligence, and emotional balance. Surely these are the terms on which we must wish to entertain, in the American poet's words, the 'supreme fictions' which give life whatever savour it has. It is the imagination *without* intelligence which begets the demons that frightened Goethe and Plato. Their reservations refer to a type of imagination which might be called 'romantic' in the pejorative sense of the word. 'The romantic', to quote Wallace Stevens once more, 'is to the

imagination what sentimentality is to feeling. It is a failure of the imagination precisely as sentimentality is a failure of feeling'.

Thus conceived, the imagination is one of the central energies of life. Indeed, what—except such a power—could sustain creative effort? What—except such a power—could save man from the dulled vision, the blunted ear, the cold heart, from the film of familiarity which slowly clouds all his perceptions? Renewal by transformation is the law of life; there is something biologically arrested in mere reproduction. Inevitably the emergence of novelty entails disruption. Whitehead maintained that 'the essence of life is to be found in the frustrations of established order'. He thought that life is doomed to degenerate 'when enclosed in the shackles of mere conformation', that 'a power of incorporating vague and disorderly elements of experience is essential for the advance into novelty' since 'the essence of great experience is penetration into the unknown, the unexperienced', so that 'details hitherto undiscriminated or dismissed as casual irrelevances are lifted into co-ordinated experience'. He required philosophy 'to explain the rise of types of order' and 'the transition from type to type'. He required it to understand 'the interweaving of change and permanence' as a primary fact of experience.

Bitter Words from Paul Klee

That the history of art, at any rate the history of Western art, conclusively testifies to the uninterrupted pursuit of such objectives, cannot be denied. If there is one aspect of the present situation about which there can be no doubt, it is the immense vitality with which this pursuit presses on in our time. The good and the bad are mixed, as always, in unequal proportions; but to despond because life will produce monstrosities as well as healthy strains would seem a far more serious symptom of mental sickness than the very abnormalities we deplore. Let it be granted that even the best of contemporary art is still a minority interest. Art addresses itself to an élite, but to a lesser or larger extent it always has done so and will always have to. There is something incongruous and at the same time almost heart-breaking in the thought that wrung from Klee the bitter words: 'uns trägt kein Volk'—'the people are not with us'.

How is one to understand these words? He could not possibly have meant the common run of the people. That would have been absurd. How could a creative artist exploring areas of the sensibility so far removed from the 'accepted' have hoped to reach the large human community implied a little more heartwarmingly in the German word *Volk* than in the English word 'people'? Klee's bitter utterance remains puzzling, but one can understand the feeling of loneliness, of 'not belonging', that rings unmistakably in those words.

Yet Klee would no longer feel this today. One of the effects of the diffusion of art, which Professor Wind deplores, has been to make the experience of art accessible to sectors of the community which were previously debarred from that experience. I cannot see how our techniques of mass-communication could have failed to have this effect. The question is, can it be said to be entirely healthy? Probably not. The influx of new audiences for the arts is historically unprecedented. The increase in numbers brings with it an increased proportion of sheer snobbishness and shallow dilettantism, but it also includes new contingents of fresh intelligence and sensibility. Our real audience can be easily sifted from the noisy crowd by one characteristic: a sense of commitment which for me is identical with true participation. Audiences do tend to specialize, but by and large it can be said that the arts today, all the arts, draw on this one committed audience.

This is itself one of the most remarkable creations of modern creative art. We have taught and trained this audience to read, to view, to listen *differently*. It seems to me that to have achieved this, to have helped this élite to live today the life of the imagination, is social relevance and social integration enough. I suggest that it is all the integration of art and society we want. Speaking for myself, it certainly is all the integration I care for.

—Third Programme

Professor Edgar Wind's Reith Lectures were printed in THE LISTENER of November 17 and 24, and December 1, 8, 15, and 22. Two other talks commenting on the lectures were given by Owen Holloway (THE LISTENER, February 9) and Michael Tippett (March 2).

The Making of Victorian England

By G. KITSON CLARK

ONE of the three powerful forces which helped to make Victorian England was a strong sense of humanity—a dislike of cruelty, pity for suffering, and the desire to remove its cause, should that be possible*. It was apt to be intermittent, but when it was properly mobilized or suddenly excited it could be very formidable indeed. This sense of humanity can be seen developing in the eighteenth century when sensitive men became increasingly unhappy about the extreme bloodthirstiness of the criminal law. It was utilized in the tremendous crusade against the slave trade and slavery, which the evangelicals organized at the end of the eighteenth and in the early nineteenth centuries.

There were various ways in which that weapon could be used. There was the organized campaign on the model of the anti-slavery movement. The anti-slavery campaign had successfully developed techniques which enabled its leaders to excite, direct, and maintain the appropriate emotions in large groups of people over a considerable period. Their techniques were naturally taken over by their immediate successors such as the Aborigines Protection Society, or by a conscious imitator like the Anti-Corn Law League. It is possible that this way of mobilizing feeling came to seem rather more sectarian and rather less effective as the century wore on, and people had got used to a good many campaigns; but there were other ways of exciting the sentiments of outraged humanity.

Government Inquiry

There was one way which was extremely successful in the middle of the reign of Victoria, which might not seem promising to us—by organizing a government inquiry. Nowadays not many people read Blue Books; then, apparently, people did, and the appropriate facts could be brought to bear on the public conscience with all the apparent authority of the fair result of an independent inquiry. The outstanding example of this is the report on the health of towns written by Sir Edwin Chadwick, which was a best seller. It created great public feeling, as a result of which the legislation to secure public health came into being; and this led to very important administrative developments indeed. In fact these reports seldom were the fair result of independent inquiry; the most estimable people seem to have had no scruples about rigging the proceedings of a select committee or a royal commission, and making sure that the right evidence came before them and the wrong did not. But that did not make these inquiries any less successful as propaganda devices.

In addition to this, however, there was always the newspaper press. At first sight it might be thought that the early Victorian newspaper would not influence anyone to do anything. It was expensive, it was closely printed in very small type, and to our eyes looks extremely unappetizing. But it had advantages which the modern newspaper press does not possess. It probably covered the ground more closely than the modern press does and it was probably more likely that a scandalous situation, a preventable accident, a coroner's inquest which disclosed ugly facts, would be remorselessly and carefully put before the public. Possibly, as journalistic writing improved its influence increased. It seems, for instance, possible that it was the fact that journalists on the spot were writing peculiarly vividly that helped to launch the violent popular agitation against Turkish atrocities in the Balkans in 1876, which had such important political results.



Children at work in a coal-mine in the eighteen-forties: a woodcut from the official report of the commission on mines and manufactures of 1842

The fact that British opinion could be appealed to in this way and would often respond with violence was of the greatest importance in the control of British policy and the behaviour of British governments. But the politics of public indignation have the disadvantage that they are apt to be momentary and intermittent in their impact. When the scandal breaks the flames shoot high, but then they die down, and indeed the fire may go out, while the cause of the scandal remains. This characteristic, however, had an important effect on the development of British institutions. If a scandal were sufficiently serious, Parliament would pass legislation to prevent its recurrence; but the first attempt at such legislation was usually without effect. Those who framed the law normally did not understand the situation sufficiently well to legislate effectively, and there was often a tendency to think that a law was enough without providing any machinery for its enforcement. This, however, probably meant that nothing was done; for the victims of the scandal, the factory children who were being overworked, the emigrants who were likely to be cheated and starved, the lunatics who were being maltreated, could not put the law into effect themselves.

Therefore, in due course, the whole matter would come up again with the grievance unredressed, and in due course Parliament would not only pass a law but appoint some authority to put it into effect and to report on how it worked out. This would be a most significant moment, for at that stage the matter would pass from being the subject of agitation into the control of the department that was organized to administer it. The classic case of this is probably that of factory legislation. A variety of acts in the early nineteenth century were passed to protect the factory children. They were on the whole without effect, but in 1833 Factory Inspectors were appointed and thereafter future factory legislation, particularly the important and uncontroversial parts of the laws, derived from their increasing experience.

Improvements in Public Health

It was not always as simple as that. Unfortunately, in public health the wave of public opinion which Chadwick contrived to excite in his favour was not strong enough or persistent enough to counter the public anger which he built up against him, and in 1854 he was dismissed. But in fact his work did not stop when he went. There was enough public opinion in favour of it to push it forward piecemeal locally; it gained discreet but not very efficient guidance from Dr. John Simon working from the Privy Council offices, and by the public health act of 1866 Simon was at last able to impose fair sanitary standards on the whole country.

The principle is the same in either case. The powerful impersonal forces of the nineteenth century from time to time produced situations—the abuse of the factory children, the monstrous conditions which prevailed in the towns—which were well calculated to shock humane men. When properly stimulated the gusty, violent, sometimes absurd but normally generous public opinion of nineteenth-century Britain could be persuaded to demand that something should be done. But, for those generous

* In his first talk published last week Dr. Kitson Clark discussed the impersonal agents; next week he considers the political revolution

wishes to be converted into effective policy, the matter had to pass into the hands of the experts and out of the comprehension of the public; and so it was that in freedom-loving Victorian England there gradually developed the massive machinery of the modern state with its endless regulations and its assiduous and much suspected civil servants. It was undesired, it was unplanned, its advent was to a curious extent unnoticed, but it was also inevitable if those impersonal forces were to be controlled.

This eruptive public humanity was clearly closely connected with the religious revival. The force of both was derived from the emotional phase through which the country was passing; but of course the religious revival was more extensive in its influences than any single agitation, and though at times it was the result of intense emotional excitement, as in the special revivals of 1859 to 1865, it was in general much more continuous and much less spasmodic in its pressure. It is probably one of the most important factors in English nineteenth-century history. It has, however, received singularly little attention from most historians.

The Evangelical movement extended beyond the bounds usually attributed to it, and went on longer. It was not confined to the Wesleyans and the Church of England. The older Nonconformist bodies, particularly the Baptists and the Congregationalists, caught fire from it and the numbers of their chapels and, where they can be ascertained, of their church members, increased throughout the century. Throughout its first half the numbers of the Wesleyan Methodists constantly increased in spite of secessions. In 1849 and 1850 a peculiarly serious secession reduced their numbers savagely, but they began to regain ground in about 1856. To the left, so to speak, of the Wesleyans, developed a number of similar bodies, some of them the results of secessions from the old Wesleyan connexion, others from bodies with something of the same inspiration. The most interesting of the seceding bodies was that of the Primitive Methodists, who were largely working-class—at first organized largely by craftsmen and labourers who tramped from one village to another. The influence of this body was particularly important among the agricultural labourers and the miners. But members of the working class were also attracted to some of the congregations of the Baptists and indeed to some of the Wesleyans of the old connexion, while Calvinistic Methodists and Congregationalists in Wales played a considerable part in the revolt of the Welsh-speaking classes.

In fact, the body of Protestant Nonconformists was not a static group vaguely middle-class, indubitably Liberal, uninterrupted and uninteresting. It was a large vital and growing body of great diversity in which the leaven of the Evangelical revival was continually working. That leaven also worked continuously in the Church of England; the Church of England was not first revivified by the Evangelical revival and thereafter by the Oxford movement. Both continued to work alongside of each other, often in conflict, to the end of the century. Each added to the strength of the Church, as did the increased conscientiousness of many of the clergy who were of neither party, and as also did the energies released by the drastic reforms which the Church of England submitted to in the eighteen-thirties and eighteen-forties.

As a result in Victorian England much stronger, more numerous, better organized religious bodies confronted one another than had existed at the beginning. As is normally the case, new life brought not peace but a sword. The attack of the Dissenters on the privileges of the Church of England is one of the central facts of Victorian England, but from the beginning of the reign all men

of goodwill in all religious bodies were aware of a graver challenge than the misdeeds of other Christians and a higher duty than sectarian warfare. It was the challenge of those millions who had been lost to Christianity altogether.

Many of them had been lost by past neglect, but many of them had never had any contact with Christianity. They were the results of the increase of population and the tide of humanity which had flooded into the back streets of the nineteenth-century towns and had remained there in misery, removed from any civilizing influence, religious or secular. The results struck different Churches in different ways. For the Roman Catholics after 1850 there was the challenge of half a million destitute Irishmen to be provided for by a Church with few places of worship, few priests, a new and overworked hierarchy, and no money to speak of. For the Church of England there were parishes in which there were 20,000 or 30,000, or in one case 78,000 souls. For the Nonconformist there was the sea of heathenism, profligacy and drink which, if they were townsmen, continually beat at their doors. For all Christians there was the census of church attendance in 1851, which showed clearly how many people did not attend church, and who, as other evidence showed, probably had little knowledge of the basic tenets of Christianity.

That was the challenge and all religious denominations made determined efforts to meet it. It is difficult to know how to suggest how massive was this effort to reconvert England. Perhaps one figure may be given because it comes easily to hand. The amount expended by the Church of England on the building and restoring of churches and cathedrals between 1840 and 1876 was given in a return to Parliament as over £25,000,000. Other Churches were giving as liberally, and they were all also giving what was more valuable than any money: the devoted services of ministers, missionaries, lay readers, parish priests and of honourable and devoted women without number. When what was done in this matter by all the Christian Churches is considered together it must rank as one of the most notable outpourings of human energy in the history of England.

What did they achieve? It is clear that to many individuals they brought colour and meaning to lives which would have had none from anywhere else. They made men. It is interesting to read in the lives of a good many of the leaders in the working-class movement how they first found themselves in the life of the chapel, and I think it is clear that their experience represents what many gained from chapel or church. But all the Churches could not convert the English nation. They were faced by three related adversaries who were too strong for them—the increase of the population, the endless fluidity of city life, and the miserable economic conditions of many of the people. They could not even provide church room for everyone. There are several sets of figures to show that in a crowded area it could happen that when all the denominations had built all that they could the situation was rather worse than when they started. They could not provide enough schools; frantic efforts were made particularly by the Church of England, often at great personal sacrifice, to provide voluntary schools, yet in 1870 there were still over 1,000,000 children with no reasonable school to go to. And they were unable to go into all the highways and all the hedges to compel all the lost to come in. The accounts of the East End by the slum parsons who spent themselves there in the eighteen-fifties and those of London in the early twentieth century by C. F. Masterman are distressingly similar. Little that was lasting had been done.

In fact, the resources of no voluntary bodies were adequate to



A Bible carriage: an illustration from C. H. Spurgeon's *History of the Metropolitan Tabernacle* (1876)

control, to civilize, to remake, as was urgently necessary, the vast fluid society of nineteenth-century England. That could only be done by using the resources and the powers of compulsion which the state alone could command. No Church or churches could

convert the English nation in existing conditions, but many of them could develop an élite, and those self-conscious élites were to play an important part in the political development of the country.—*Third Programme*

Governments as Impresarios

By BAMBER GASCOIGNE

FOR some reason we in England seem to regard the theatre as something to be classed with lost dogs and ancient monuments; something that will, when necessary (and rather grudgingly) have to be patched, propped, and patronized. In the last year the Government has given what amounts to one halfpenny from each of us to the theatre; and local authorities, determined perhaps to do their bit, have chipped in with another halfpenny. This may make our national theatre the only real penny bargain left, but it is not surprising that the money only just stretches to keeping the bailiffs out of about thirty selected theatres round the country.

But what is wrong with that? If the bailiffs are kept out, then the theatre can go on running; everything is fine; why worry? In a sense this is true; but keeping out the bailiffs is a purely negative occupation. Subsidy can do something more positive: it is the difference between a man who takes over a property and just goes on patching up the old building in order to keep his costs low, and another man who completely reconstructs and develops it, perhaps at considerable expense, in order to raise his profits. Of course if a government poured money into the theatre, like this second man into his property, the profits they would expect would not be financial ones. They would be profits judged in terms of pleasure and value to the people of the country. But these are still profits—and, in my opinion, very worth-while ones.

We are always hearing how other European countries—Germany and Scandinavia in particular—subsidize their arts so lavishly that they make us look like a nation of tone-deaf and blind-to-beauty misers. But their approach is just as negative as ours. We patch up a little, they patch up a lot: that is the only difference. I believe that something more constructive is possible and necessary.

Is this just a pipe-dream? I do not think so. There have been several attempts by governments in this century to do something like what I am suggesting, and they are worth considering. The first, and by far the least successful, happened in Russia after the revolution of 1917. The new Bolshevik government had to set about educating a vast nation in the idea of communism, but hardly any of the peasants could read. So they had the idea of reaching them through the theatre and they sent groups of actors all over the country to perform plays and to start amateur clubs. For a while the whole thing was a colossal success. Soon every village was theatre-crazy, and vast crowds turned out in Moscow to take part in the huge pageants that celebrated the great communist victory. The largest of these pageants re-enacted the storming of the Winter Palace. It had a cast of 8,000 and an audience of 100,000; it was complete with rifle-fire and a salvo from a destroyer on the river, and it ended up with everyone singing the Internationale together. It must have been

like the *Oresteia* in Athens, but without the art of Aeschylus.

Art, in fact, was what was lacking in the whole venture. All the plays had to be full of propaganda, and many of them sound ludicrous. In one, for example, the Red Army dig a tunnel under the Atlantic and march through it to New York to save the world from capitalism. It is not surprising that all the enthusiasm soon faded away.

So the Russian experiment in government-sponsored theatre was a failure. But these were the days when it was the Americans who showed the Russians how to do things, rather than the other way round, and in 1936 Roosevelt started a scheme called the Federal Theatre. It was part of his New Deal to end the depression, and within months there were 10,000 theatre-workers on the pay-roll—including, incidentally, one elephant. Soon entertainments of all sorts—plays, puppet-shows, opera, documentaries, and a circus for the elephant—were touring all over the country. There are fantastic stories of the response of small towns to touring companies. One town had a population of only 1,000 but 950 people turned up to see the first Federal Theatre production there, and they then asked the players to become residents. In another place the company played free and the audience cooked them supper afterwards. Everywhere there was a spirit of improvisation. It was a truly democratic theatre movement—of, for, and by the people.

It was brought to an end by a Republican Congress, which was opposed to Roosevelt's left-wing measures and therefore cut off the annual subsidy. That was in 1939; but its success in those three years had already proved how much people will respond if theatre is brought to them with enthusiasm and at the right price. Tickets for these productions were never more than a dollar—then worth about five shillings—and were often as little as sixpence.

Admittedly, the depression was a time of crisis, and nobody could whip up sufficient sense of urgency to start such a large-scale venture today. But the French have, since the war, been showing what can be done on a smaller scale along the same lines. They have set up five regional centres which are responsible for taking theatre round the country and for helping local groups to grow up. Like the Federal Theatre, they have to adapt to their surroundings. I read recently in *The Times* that their correspondent found 1,500 schoolchildren much enjoying watching Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* in a huge tent outside Grenoble.

In Paris the French achieve the remarkable feat of subsidising both their most traditional and their most avant-garde theatres. The Comédie Française was Molière's own group and it has existed as a continuous company ever since: it could be called the theatre's only real version of an apostolic succession. But besides patching up this venerable fossil, the French government has a policy of giving theatres to their leading directors, together with



M. Jean-Louis Barrault speaking at a press conference on the opening of the theatre which he was given by the French Government to run in 1959

enough money for them to be run without one eye being kept constantly on the cash-box. So at the moment Jean Vilar and Jean-Louis Barrault both have their own theatres, and Camus was given one a few months before his death. Jean Vilar's subsidy has been enough for him to maintain a very high standard in his productions as well as introducing several excellent novelties in his theatre: for example, when one goes there one receives a free programme which contains a complete text of the play. Or, again, people arriving late are kept out of the theatre but can watch the first act on closed-circuit television in the foyer. It is small touches like these which help to give a theatre a character of its own. Jean Vilar's theatre, the Théâtre National Populaire, has acquired this sort of character in a way that our own Royal Court Theatre certainly has not.

So this brings me back to England. I am suggesting that the Federal Theatre has proved that there is a huge audience waiting to come into the theatres, and that the French are proving that it is possible to get on with the matter at once. It may be said that what is true of France and America is not necessarily true of England. Yet in the past we have produced far greater popular drama than either of these countries. I am certain that with a more positive approach to subsidy we could entice many people away from their television sets one or two nights a week, and that afterwards they would thank us for it.

But what does a more positive approach mean in practical terms? One obvious example is the proposed National Theatre on the South Bank. Something is at last being done about this and the Chancellor of the Exchequer is now considering various plans for it. One of them is an ideal plan, the others are compromises—and, as usual, the ideal is considerably more expensive; in this case by £1,000,000 or so. But to spend that extra £1,000,000 and build the ideal building for the job would be to take the step into *positive* subsidy. It would make the new National Theatre something genuinely new, something unique. It would save it from being just one more theatre, or a mere warmed-up Old Vic. It would provide an extra stimulation to help create an enthusiastic new audience, just as the Festival Hall has done for music and the Belgrade Theatre for drama in Coventry.

Ten years ago Jean-Louis Barrault was running his own theatre in Paris and trying to subsidize it from his work in films. At the same time Sir Laurence Olivier was attempting to do the same thing here, in the St. James's Theatre. They each survived for a while, then found it impossible. Since then, Barrault has been given his own theatre and works all the time in Paris, to the great benefit of Parisian theatre-goers. Olivier, on the other hand, who was offered no help, now seems to be more often in Hollywood than in the West End of London. But a theatre of his own with a really workable subsidy would surely bring him back. Or if not him, then how about Tyrone Guthrie—a brilliant director whom we seem to have lost almost entirely to the United States and to Canada? Meanwhile Peter Brook is being employed by the Comédie Française. It is not that we lack the talent to support—we merely lack the support.

These suggestions all apply to the theatre in London, but there are even greater possibilities in the rest of the country. There are so many talented young directors in England who, if supported financially, could build up exciting and popular theatres, even in towns which at the moment have no theatre at all.

But all this hangs on that enormous 'if'—if there were enough money. And where is the money to come from? It seemed that we had the answer twelve years ago when Aneurin Bevan passed an act which allowed local councils to spend up to a sixpenny rate on the arts. But the councils have been more than reluctant. In the past year they have spent the equivalent of a rate of only one tenth of a penny. But if the local authorities refuse to spend our money on the arts for us as rate-payers, then surely the government should spend it for us as tax-payers. Either way it is our money, and we are certainly used to having that spent for us by now. This is the age of social services: many of us grumble at each new one as it arrives and then soon come to regard it as indispensable. If you believe that an available and reasonable-priced theatre is a 'good thing' for people, in the way that public libraries, children's playgrounds, and parks are a good thing, then perhaps it will eventually come to be.

Theatre has nearly always needed great patrons. The days of large-scale private patronage are past and governments must now accept it as their responsibility. In saying this, I am not merely making a selfish plea for the arts. I believe in general that modern governments should make more use of their powers of giving on our behalf. Private charity has in the same way become inadequate to deal with the world's needs. In World

Refugee Year, for instance, we in Britain collected the splendid total of £8,000,000: but that only represents four shillings from each of us; and the money collected from all over the world was not enough to solve the refugee problem, let alone start on the troubles of the under-developed countries. No, it is only governments which can force us to be charitable enough to meet the world's needs today.

To sum up: spend people's money on giving them something which they do not even know that they want, in this case the theatre, and they will suddenly find that they did want it all the time. I admit that this idea of people not knowing what they want is politically anathema in a democracy. But is it not, nevertheless, the basis of our commercial life? Every advertiser knows the truth of it. An American cigarette once had as the slogan for its new 'king'-sized product: 'The tobacco you'll appreciate in the length you've learnt to love'. And if the advertisers can force us to learn, could not the government too? In each case they would be using our money for the job.

Personally, I would hurry to vote for a party which promised to add a penny to the income tax and to spend the money on the arts. Again, this is not just revealing my own stage-struck and inverted sense of values. If the same party guaranteed to put the income tax back to 8s. 6d. and to give all of that money to the U.N. each year for distribution wherever it was needed, I would even be out in the snow canvassing for them.



Members of M. Jean Vilar's Théâtre National Populaire acknowledging applause at the end of a performance at the Palais de Chaillot, Paris, of which M. Vilar is the director

Birds Like Fishes

By A. H. SYKES

OME time ago Dr. A. J. Marshall broadcast a talk on the behaviour of fishes and showed in how many ways it resembled that of birds. He pointed out that the formation of flocks or schools, courtship behaviour, and parental care were all activities common to both these widely separated groups of animals. The title of Dr. Marshall's talk was 'Fishes Like Birds'* and it set my mind working on what may be called the converse situation—birds like fishes. In other words, I was led to consider the various ways in which birds have become adapted to a marine or aquatic life.

Seas and lakes support a vast population of living animals and plants which can be exploited as a source of food by both mammals and birds. Indeed, among the mammals certain types have evolved, the whales and dolphins, which are completely adapted to a marine life. Birds have not gone as far as this; they are still dependent upon the land for a nesting place for the rearing of their young; but many, such as the albatross, spend long periods at sea. Moreover, marine birds have become adapted to their environment without, in most cases, losing their main bird-like characteristics, especially the power of flight. A sea-gull and a rook are really very similar and only in the most extreme case of specialization, the penguins, has flight been lost; they have become, so to speak, the seals of the bird world.

Probably most of us, even laboratory-bound ornithologists such as myself, can think of many species of birds that find their food in the sea: terns, gannets, cormorants, puffins, and many more. There are also many, including some of those I have just mentioned, that are equally at home in fresh water: ducks, grebes, coots and, one of my favourites, dippers. All these species must have overcome certain common problems imposed by their aquatic environment. For instance, they must be able to move on or under the water. An obvious adaptation here is webbed feet for swimming; but many birds also use their wings to propel themselves under water—the razor-bill, for example, and, of course, the penguins.

I have always had a special sympathy for penguins. They are so often considered to be rather amusing caricatures of man, with their white waistcoats, their ponderous gait, and somewhat myopic expression. But see them swimming, as I used to at Edinburgh Zoo, see them flash from one end of the pool to the other, and you will realize what grace and power they possess, quite comparable with that of the seals.

There are other problems associated with swimming, and an important one for birds is the insulation of the body against loss of heat. Water is a much better conductor of heat than air, and immersion for any length of time would soon



A penguin swimming

cause chilling. Feathers provide an effective form of insulation by means of their trapped air, but if the feathers get wet this air can escape. In aquatic birds this is prevented by the denseness of the feathers, by the firmness with which they are held close to the body by muscles in the skin (the feathers of a dead bird soon become waterlogged), and by a water-repellent layer of oil on the feathers. It has been reported by an American worker that the addition of a detergent to a bath of water in which ducklings were swimming had disastrous results. The oily layer was dissolved, the feathers took up water, and the poor ducklings sank because of their increased weight. They had to be dried in

an incubator before the natural insulation of the feathers was restored.

One part of a bird's body that does not appear to need protection from the cold is its legs. The lower joint and the feet have no feathers and little muscle or fat, and yet they must be kept supplied with blood, although when swimming in icy water this blood must be cooled considerably by the time it reaches the toes. There are two mechanisms that help here. First there is a nervous reflex which increases the amount of blood flowing to the legs. This has been observed by measuring the temperature of the feet after placing them in cold water. The temperature immediately falls close to that of the water but soon rises appreciably as the blood vessels dilate and the blood flow increases. Secondly, the nerves of the leg, which may be involved in this reflex, are exceptionally resistant to the cold. They continue to conduct nerve impulses when they are well below the temperature at which other nerves stop functioning.

Birds which are underwater feeders have also had to overcome the problem of seeing their food. We



Ducks searching for food under water

Photographs by Jane Burton

know from our own experience that we do not see as well underwater as in the air. In air the outer, transparent layer of the eye, the cornea, as well as the lens, bends the light rays so that they focus on the retina. This bending occurs only when the light passes from one medium to another, that is from air to the denser material of the cornea, but, optically speaking, there is no difference between water and the cornea. So when we go swimming we lose the bending or refractive power of the cornea, the light rays do not come to a focus on the retina, and when under water we suffer from long-sighted vision.

Nevertheless there is reason to believe that diving birds can locate their prey accurately under the water and also see extremely well in the air. One way of achieving this is to have a lens with a very wide refractive range, which can be adjusted by means of the internal eye muscles to seeing in air or in water. The cormorant has eyes like this. Other birds have evolved a highly refractive window in their third eyelid, the one that goes from side to side instead of up and down. Underwater this eyelid is pulled across the cornea and acts as a 'contact' lens. Next time you see penguins at the zoo, watch for this transparent membrane as it flicks across the eye.

In these days of 'schnorkel' tubes and aqualungs we are much more familiar with the problems of underwater respiration. All the diving birds remain air breathing but they have acquired the ability to hold their breath for exceptionally long periods. Ducks for instance can remain submerged and actively swimming for as long as fifteen minutes. These birds owe their success to a variety of physiological adaptations. As the head goes under, respiration stops by means of a nervous reflex. The sense organs for this reflex lie in the beak, where they are readily stimulated by wetting, and also in the labyrinth, the organ in the head sensitive to changes in posture. Nerve impulses from these sense organs pass to the respiratory centre of the brain and reduce its activity.

If we hold our breath for a short time carbon dioxide accumulates in the blood. This is a strong stimulus to the respiratory centre and we soon start breathing again. This is true also of birds in general, but not of the diving birds. They can tolerate very high levels of carbon dioxide before coming up for breath.

On diving, the heart beats much slower, again a reflex action; but this does not cause a fall in blood-pressure probably because the blood flow to many organs, particularly the muscles, is reduced. This makes more blood, with its oxygen, available to the brain and the heart, which are the organs of the body least able to withstand a shortage of oxygen. Diving birds also have a relatively larger volume of blood in their bodies and this blood contains a higher concentration of the oxygen-carrying pigment haemoglobin. These two factors result in a larger quantity of oxygen being made available to the diving bird compared with other birds of equal size.

Finally, there is another difficulty of life at sea which the truly marine species have had to overcome: the provision of an adequate water supply. Water is constantly lost from the body by way of the lungs and the kidneys, and this water must be replaced, otherwise the concentration of salt in the blood would rise to a level that would be fatal. As the ancient mariner realized, sea water is normally no substitute for fresh water because it contains more salt than the blood. Drinking it can only make matters worse

unless some means can be found to remove the excess salt. The usual route for the removal of excess salt is through the kidneys and some mammals can excrete surprisingly high concentrations of salt in this way. Birds are limited in this respect; their kidneys cannot form such concentrated solutions. Here the sea birds show how fish-like they can be. It has been shown in some of them—the penguin, duck, albatross, and cormorant, for example—that there is a small gland in the beak which has the ability to extract salt from the blood when the amount rises above normal, and to excrete it through the nostrils as drops of highly concentrated salt solution twice as strong as sea water. These drops are often removed by a shake of the head and many naturalists in the past have drawn attention to this head-shaking without realizing its significance. But the recent studies by Professor Schmidt-Nielsen and his colleagues in America have shown how this nasal gland acts as a filter which passes demineralized water back into the system, with the result that the bird gains fresh water after drinking sea water.

This is another interesting example of convergence, because the bony fish also, somewhat surprisingly, face the problem of dehydration in the sea. They too must remove excess salt from the body in order to keep the blood composition normal, and they also have special cells, situated in the gills, which can selectively remove salt from the circulation.

Dr. Marshall's explanation of the similarities between the behaviour of fishes and birds was that both these groups of animals have basically the same nervous and glandular equipment, and so we would expect them to manner. The fish-like adaptations that I have described in birds do not, I believe, owe much to this underlying, common structure of the vertebrates. The aerial bird in returning to the sea had many problems to overcome that have never confronted the fish. For example, birds are committed to a constant, warm body temperature and the numerous, perfect adaptations to aerial life have had to be reorganized for amphibious conditions. The aquatic bird must be able to move and see in both the air and the water.

There is said to be nothing new under the sun, and there are in fact some species of fish which attempt amphibious life even to the point of becoming air breathing. But my interest is with the birds, and so this must remain another story.

—Network Three



Cormorant taking flight from a rocky sea-ledge

Eric Hosking

react to a given situation in the same manner. The fish-like adaptations that I have described in birds do not, I believe, owe much to this underlying, common structure of the vertebrates. The aerial bird in returning to the sea had many problems to overcome that have never confronted the fish. For example, birds are committed to a constant, warm body temperature and the numerous, perfect adaptations to aerial life have had to be reorganized for amphibious conditions. The aquatic bird must be able to move and see in both the air and the water.

There is said to be nothing new under the sun, and there are in fact some species of fish which attempt amphibious life even to the point of becoming air breathing. But my interest is with the birds, and so this must remain another story.

—Network Three

Dedications

Begrudged by the promising pencraft of my name—
On the flyleaves of books I thought were mine—
Dedicating each poem to you as if
It hoped its nine letters would be read
Into the classic authorship, and free-hearted
Of Love-until-our-names-are-both-forgotten
(In such shorthands as half-admired their remembrance)
I could not yet refuse to sign myself
Or much regret you and your books are mine
For I loved the girl who read them for her virtue
And now you have my vices and my name.

ROBERT NYE

Problems in Translating the Bible

The Rev. C. F. D. MOULE discusses the co-operative work on the New Testament*

NATURALLY enough, the first question which many people asked when they heard about the proposal to make a new translation of the Bible was 'Why?' Apart from the Authorized Version itself and the English Revised Version, and the American Standard and Revised Standard Versions, this century has seen a spate of modern versions by individual translators. Why add to them? The short answer is, there was a demand, put forward originally by the Church of Scotland but quickly taken up by all the main non-Roman communions of the Christian Church in the British Isles. Behind it lay, no doubt, the fact that whatever the glories of the Authorized Version (and who would question them?), its New Testament (to look no further than that) was made from an inferior Greek text and without the knowledge now available; and, though made by men of learning who knew and worked from the original languages, it was based on many previous English versions and its style was already archaic (we are told) in King James's day. As for subsequent revisions, these are only revisions, all more or less conservative, none of them fresh translations into idiomatic, contemporary English.

At a Remove from Current Speech

This is what inevitably sets even the Revised Standard Version, in spite of all its excellence and fine scholarship, at a certain remove from current English. Indeed, is it uniformly in English of any period? Opening it at random I read: 'Then Herod summoned the wise men secretly and ascertained from them what time the star appeared'; but then, only a few lines lower down, we go on with: 'Lo, the star which they had seen in the East went before them . . . When they saw the star, they rejoiced exceedingly with great joy'. 'Lo' and 'rejoiced with joy' are not companions that sit naturally side by side with 'summoned' and 'ascertained'; and they are certainly not the idiomatic English of today.

But why not be content, then, with one or other of the many translations that have been made into really modern English? The answer is that, whatever their merits (and some have grave demerits), they are almost all by individual translators, without the authority of any united body behind them.

There, at briefest, you have our *raison d'être*. The work was undertaken in response to a genuinely evangelistic need—the need, especially of youth, for an intelligible version of the Bible by an authorized body which, in these ecumenical times, would also represent the main denominations.

The translator of a modern work is spared at least some of the thorny questions which confront the scholar dealing with a book of antiquity. One of these is the question: what is the book he is trying to translate? We all know that the New Testament was written between A.D. 50 and 100, and was copied and re-copied by hand century after century; the process produced thousands of variations. Logically, therefore, the translator's first task is to make up his mind what text he is trying to translate.

Textual criticism, in which, incidentally, workers on the biblical text were among the pioneers, is an extremely complex science and art. It means that for every phrase in the New Testament, manuscripts which run into thousands must be compared with a view to reaching a conclusion, and that a large number of factors—including value-judgments—must come into play. However, there are certain conditions which, at the outset, mitigate the problem. The first is that nearly every available manuscript has, in fact, already been collated by experts, and the salient data are available in the great printed critical editions of the New Testament—Tischendorf, Westcott and Hort, Nestle, and others. Because all these details were already in print, the translators working on the New English Bible never, for this purpose, had to consult an actual manuscript. The second mitigating factor is

that, in many cases, the variations are of comparatively slight importance for the sense of the passage: sometimes, indeed, only a matter of the spelling of a word. Thirdly, these great modern, printed editions of the Greek New Testament present a critical text which is already, for the most part, purged of the additions and accretions which load the later manuscripts.

The Debit Side

On the debit side, I should explain that new problems are abroad today. Westcott and Hort had worked on the principle that, as well as grouping the more ancient manuscripts into 'families' so that their joint ancestry might be deduced, one might recognize that certain individual manuscripts were intrinsically better than others. The great Vatican Codex was, in their opinion, generally speaking the purest. They called it neutral. Certain others could be ranged in proximity to it; others below them; and so on. But there is now an influential school of thought holding that, for instance, that same Vatican Codex is only 'best' because most intelligently corrected, and that, to reconstruct the original, each reading has to be decided on its own merits; and so it is impossible to do justice to the data by merely classifying manuscripts and letting the allegedly weighty tip the scales.

In practice, the textual procedure for the translators boiled down to this: the man who was asked to make the first draft of the translation of any given book of the New Testament worked from some good critical, printed text. At this initial stage it was not of great moment which of the main critical editions he used. Whichever it was—the attempted reconstruction by Westcott and Hort, or perhaps Erwin Nestle's latest edition published at Stuttgart—he would generally know, by long experience and study, what were the most important textual *cruces* in the passage he had to translate. On each of these he would make his own decisions, perhaps offering alternative readings in his margin. Then, when the whole translators' panel met to go through his draft word by word, these problems would be debated, together with any other textual queries that the panel might raise, and decisions would be jointly reached. Every effort was made to keep marginal notes down to a sensible limit. Although even a minority of one always had the right to claim a mention of a reading in the margin, variants agreed to be comparatively unimportant were ignored.

A Flood of Fresh Light

But, assuming we have settled our text in a given passage, there is still the immense problem of the meaning of words in a dead language. This is another 'headache' which the translator from a contemporary tongue is spared. But the New Testament scholar today is at least better equipped than one working in the last century, and incomparably better than the makers of the Authorized Version. In particular, a flood of new light was shed, especially from about 1890 onwards, by the finds of sheets and scraps of papyrus preserved in the hot, dry sands of Egypt. A great deal more evidence than was formerly available for the usage and meaning of New Testament words has been digested for us by the steady gnawing of those beavers of industry, the philologists, such as the British scholars J. H. Moulton and George Milligan, and the German scholar Walter Bauer, who died recently full of years and honour. There is now the giant theological dictionary begun under the editorship of the late Gerhard Kittel and continued under the editorship of Gerhard Friedrich, which contains a great fund of information about the history and setting of the New Testament vocabulary. The result is that, whereas the earlier scholars had virtually no canons to go by except those of classical, or at least literary, Greek, recent years have added vastly to our

(concluded on page 530)

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

March 15-21

Wednesday, March 15

South Africa decides to leave the Commonwealth

France announces that she is ready to open official negotiations with the Algerian rebels

Thursday, March 16

Mr. Michael Foot and four other Labour M.P.s are expelled from the Parliamentary Party for voting against the Army and Air Estimates

Dr. Verwoerd, Prime Minister of South Africa, makes statement on his reasons for withdrawing from the Commonwealth

Conservatives retain seats in by-elections at Colchester, Worcester, High Peak (Derbyshire), and Cambridgeshire

The Government is to increase its guaranteed prices to farmers by £14,000,000

Friday, March 17

The Commonwealth Prime Ministers, in a communiqué at the end of their conference, put forward a six-point plan for disarmament

The Algerian nationalist leaders agree to open talks with France

Saturday, March 18

Mr. Louw, South African Minister for External Affairs, says that his country's trade relations with Britain will not be affected by her withdrawal from the Commonwealth

Mr. Dean Rusk, the American Secretary of State, has meeting in Washington with Mr. Gromyko, Soviet Foreign Minister, on subjects including disarmament and Laos

Sunday, March 19

Dr. Verwoerd leaves London for South Africa

Twenty-nine people are arrested during a demonstration in London against *apartheid*

Dozens of Europeans are reported to have been killed in Portuguese-administered territory of Angola by African terrorists from over the border

Monday, March 20

A statement is published from the Prime Minister's office following the discussions about the future of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland between the Prime Minister and Sir Roy Welensky

Seventy-five back-bench Labour M.P.s ask Mr. Gaitskell to restore the Labour whip to Mr. Foot and the four other M.P.s from whom it was withdrawn

Tuesday, March 21

Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn is told by the Committee of Privileges of the House of Commons that he cannot renounce the title Lord Stansgate and that he cannot remain a member of the House



Dr. Verwoerd, Prime Minister of South Africa, driving away from Lancaster House on March 15 after he had told the conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers that he had decided to withdraw his application for his country to remain a member of the Commonwealth after South Africa becomes a republic on May 31

Right: the scene in the Stock Exchange, Johannesburg, as gold prices fell sharply following the news of South Africa's decision



Copies of the New Testament in its new translation being distributed in Westminster Abbey on March 15 to representatives of Christian bodies. A service was held in the Abbey to commemorate the 350th anniversary of the publication of the Authorized Version. The sermon was preached by the Rev. C. H. Dodd, general director of the new translation (see also page 527)

Right: lunching out of doors in March: a scene in Embankment Gardens, London, last week when temperatures rose into the seventies. Last weekend wintry weather returned and snow showers fell in many places



Dr. Richard Beeching has been appointed the first man of the British Board (which is to place of the present Transport Commission). Beeching, who is a director of Imperial Chemical Industries, takes up his duties on April 1. He is to be paid a salary of £24,000 a year





A photograph taken at Buckingham Palace on March 16 when the Commonwealth Prime Ministers dined with the Queen. Left to right with Her Majesty are, front row: Dr. Nkrumah (Ghana); Mr. Diefenbaker (Canada); Mr. Nehru (India); Mrs. Bandaranaike (Ceylon); Mr. Menzies (Australia); Archbishop Makarios (Cyprus). Back row: Dr. Verwoerd (South Africa); General Ayub Khan (President, Pakistan); Sir Roy Welensky (Rhodesian Federation); and Mr. Macmillan



Entrance hall of Antony House, near Torpoint, Cornwall, which has been given to the National Trust by Sir Carew Pole. It is an eighteenth-century house and contains paintings by Reynolds. The gift includes twenty-nine acres of garden and parkland



A new arrival at the London Zoo: a Brazilian tree porcupine



Miss Barbara Jones at work on a mural for the International Labour Exhibition opening in Turin on May 6. The theme of the British exhibit is 'Scientific Research'. The exhibition will form part of the celebrations marking the centenary of the unification of Italy under King Victor Emmanuel II

(concluded from page 527)

knowledge of the peculiarities of the New Testament idioms and our understanding of Hellenistic Greek in general. We know the 'feel' of it better; we can allow for its flexibility; we are better able to recognize some of the technical terms and colloquialisms of the language.

On several occasions it was possible to draw upon expert opinion in some particular field of antiquarian research. For instance, the story of the shipwreck in Acts xxvii sent us to our friends among the classical historians and archaeologists for technical details of rigging and route.

Remaining Ambiguities

Not that we know all the answers, even now. Whatever advances have been made, the New Testament remains full of ambiguities, mercifully seldom large or affecting any central doctrinal issue, but still a problem to the translator. Some are occasioned by the lack of a clue to a metaphor. What, for instance, is the image behind the phrase in II Timothy ii, 15, translated in the Authorized Version 'rightly dividing the word of truth'? Is it ploughing—driving a straight furrow? Or stone-masonry—correctly squaring? Or what is it? Again, a few verses further on, what is meant by a foundation which carries as its seal the inscription 'The Lord knows those who belong to him'? Other obscurities again spring simply from our ignorance of ancient idiom.

Apart from obstinate problems like these, however, there has been a general advance which has also made us better aware of certain Semitic idioms, or at least more anxious to render them idiomatically. The Greek of the New Testament is full of Semitic phrases derived from the Old Testament scriptures. These the Authorized Version and many subsequent versions merely reproduce; but the modern translator, instead of sheltering behind the notion that the original turns of phrase are sacrosanct, recognizes it as precisely his most sacred duty to render them as perfectly as he can into their real, modern equivalents—if there are any. Take the Authorized Version of Ephesians ii, 3: 'We . . . were by nature the children of wrath, even as others'. In the New English Bible this emerges as 'In our natural condition we, like the rest, lay under the dreadful judgement of God'. No doubt this rendering is open to criticism; but it is an attempt to translate, not simply to reproduce an alien idiom.

This brings me to something which has come home to me during these years as a member of the translators' panel as never before—namely, that good translation is often bound to come near to paraphrase. Our aim was not to paraphrase but to translate, and I believe that the New English Bible has in fact succeeded usually in staying on the right side of the line. Yet a good, idiomatic translation sooner or later finds itself taking sides and making decisions—and that often does mean paraphrasing—where an unidiomatic, literal rendering could 'get away' with ambiguity. If, by sticking to 'children of wrath', one could do one's duty by the original, there would be no problem. But 'children of wrath' is certainly not good English; and if it is one's duty (as in this case it clearly was) somehow to render the phrase into real English, then one is immediately compelled to define, and is forced into something like the version I have given above.

I have used that phrase, 'children of wrath' to illustrate a Semitic idiom. But the most formidable and by far the most important task is that of trying to do justice to the great theological words—this very word 'wrath', for instance, and others such as 'justification', 'grace', 'charity' (to use the familiar Authorized Version translations). The Greek originals of many such words as used in the New Testament are heavy with meaning. They have become invested with a wealth of implication beyond their natural value. And so no single English word is adequate to represent them. The translator is faced, therefore, with the problem of finding as near an approximation as he can to the meaning in each particular context. We have just looked at one rendering of 'wrath' in one particular context. What about 'charity'? After much debate (and then not unanimously) the translators decided not to try to reclaim 'charity' from its abuse, but to use 'love' (despite the abuse which that word, too, has suffered):

Love is patient; love is kind and envies no one. Love is never boastful, nor conceited, nor rude; never selfish, not quick to take offence. Love keeps no score of wrongs; does not gloat over other men's sins, but delights in the truth. There is nothing love cannot face; there is no limit to its faith, its hope, and its endurance.

Concise Semitic Phrases

And here, from another familiar passage, is an instance of the problem of elucidating concise Semitic phrases charged with a long religious history. In the Authorized Version the first beatitude in Matthew v reads: 'Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven'. What is one to do with the word *makarios*, 'blessed'? It is not merely 'happy'; it does not mean merely 'to be congratulated'. It represents a Semitic exclamation something like 'How fortunate . . .!', which yet carries overtones of something deeper and more spiritual. The translators found themselves driven, here, to the somewhat archaic 'how blest . . .'. And what of 'the poor in spirit'? That English phrase is too vague to be intelligible. Clearly it is not 'spiritually impoverished'; nor yet is it quite 'materially poor but spiritually wealthy', still less 'spirited poor', which I saw in a socialist version. Perhaps, considering its history, the phrase alludes to an attitude of dependence on God—an attitude belonging especially to those who, under a secular government, refuse to grow rich by compromising their faith, and are content to depend not on success but on God: those, in fact, who know their need—their primary need of God. 'How blest are those who know that they are poor; the kingdom of Heaven is theirs'. This particular interpretation is not new: it has a long history behind it; but it illustrates the difficulty of rendering a few simple Greek words on this level of intensity.

There is yet another type of problem: that is, when you get an ambiguity introduced deliberately by the writer. St. John, for instance, is notoriously prone, like poets in all ages, to use reverberant words with many overtones: 'uplift' for him means both 'crucify' and 'exalt', and that at one and the same time. In this way he achieves theological depths which in another language defy expression in any one comparable phrase.

It is clear enough that, ideally, a New Testament translator should be not only a philologist and a literary giant but also one who is steeped in the theological thinking of the Bible. Only then would he have much hope of being aware of the size of those mighty biblical words. And in any case it is an impossibly demanding task, and even at best it would have been adversely criticized. As the Authorized Version translators said in their famous preface: 'If there be any hole left for cauill to enter, (and cauill, if it doe not finde a hole, will make one) it is sure to be misconstrued, and in danger to be condemned'. As it was, one could only do one's best. And the best one could hope to do was to bring to bear the collective learning of a body of specialists, working both individually and in company, and to get the results criticized also by another body chiefly concerned with style and readability.

This was the method adopted. It had the advantage of spreading the load, and combining different skills. After one translator had, by himself and in his own time, made a first rough draft, the whole translators' panel would meet together and go through every detail, recasting, rearranging, altering in all kinds of ways. The result would go to the literary panel, who would often send back radical suggestions on the ground of style. These the translators' panel was bound to accept if they really were purely stylistic; but if, in fact, they involved or implied a change of interpretation, then naturally it was the translators who had the decisive say.

Thanks to Dr. Dodd's brilliant directing, we believe that something fresh and vivid and, in places, perhaps truly dignified, has been achieved. We have not tried to reproduce with rigorous precision the varying styles of the various New Testament writers. But, as a rule, the quality of each passage—lively and rapid, elevated and meditative, simple and prosaic—did tend to stamp itself on the translation.

The main intention, however, was simply to provide an authoritative translation which would help to make the New Testament intelligible to an intelligent reader. If any step has been taken to that end, we are satisfied. But, when all is said and done, the New Testament is much more than information. It is intelligible on the deepest level only to a person who is prepared to meet its challenge. A translator, at best, can only be secondary to the service of that cause.

—Third Programme

Annunciation

And when he rose and beat across the sky
Large wings (though no one saw them but herself)

It was as if he put her life away,
Folded and blank and laid upon a shelf.

It would be wanted soon enough; her joy
Brought down, spread out and used to line a
crib;

Care burning like a candle every day,
More grief than all that grew from Adam's rib.

Nothing was asked for yet. Nothing in the room
Stirred but the ruffled dust-motes rising still
Across a sunbeam, and the unfolding bloom
Of crimson balsom on the window-sill.

GRAHAM HOUGH

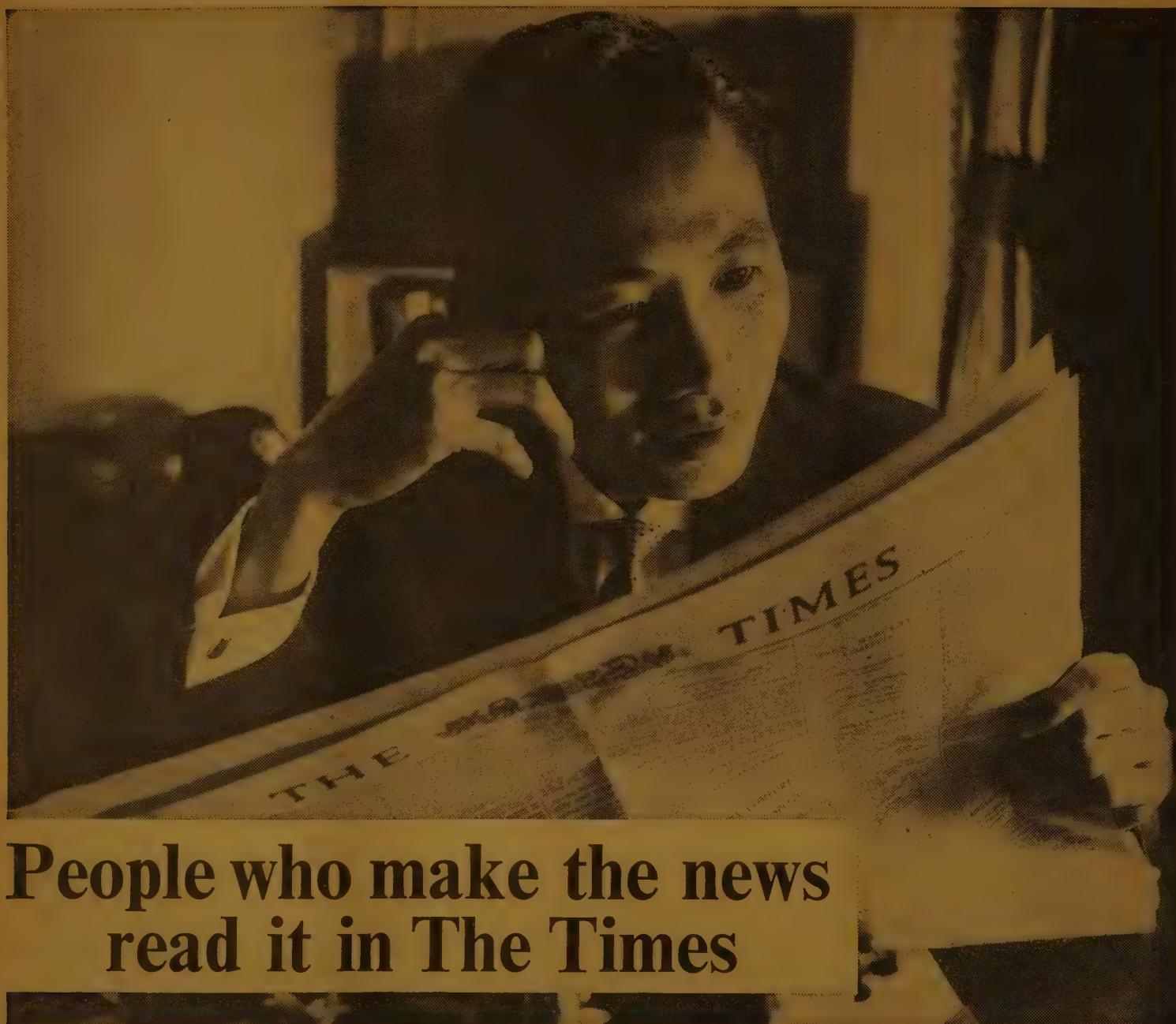


Whose glass do millions look through?

John and Robert Stonehouse have their eyes fixed on a magnifying glass—just the thing for their stamp collection . . . and just one of the millions of pieces of optical glass made in the Chance/Pilkington Optical Works at St. Asaph in North Wales. That's where the glass is made for your spectacle lenses, and for specialised lenses of all kinds . . . snapshot cameras and television cameras . . . microscopes and binoculars . . . glass for all these and many other purposes goes from St. Asaph all round the world. As it does for another specialist use—to make windows through which nuclear scientists can watch their experiments safely protected against radiation. So St. Asaph typifies the whole Pilkington Group—supplying today's needs and serving tomorrow's developments in a way which demands a big company, in every sense.

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Letters to the Editor

Advertising and Our Lives

Sir,—Mr. Frank Whitehead made some very pertinent comments on the dangers of mass suggestion in his talk 'Advertising and Our Lives' (THE LISTENER, March 16). Without disagreeing with his main conclusions, I think it is obvious that he is badly informed on the practice of public relations in the U.K.

Public relations, as it is practised in this country, sets out to achieve mutual understanding by securing the willing acceptance of attitudes and ideas based on a knowledge of all relevant facts. It is quite different from propaganda which aims at imposing a partisan point of view. 'Public relations' for a political party is probably more correctly described as propaganda since its aim is to secure votes.

I am surprised that Mr. Whitehead tries to blame public relations for public disinclination to accept civic responsibilities. The main purpose of public relations in local government is to redress this undesirable tendency and where public relations is used actively by local authorities it has led to a marked improvement in civic interest.

In central government, too, the function of the public relations officer is to assist the successful working of our democratic system by keeping the public informed of the work of the government departments and by endeavouring to humanize the services provided by these departments.

In industry, organized public relations exists to promote better understanding between management, stockholders, customers, and employees and only succeeds when it is based on truth and full information. Public relations can never be a substitute for correct management policies; in fact it would expose any deficiencies which exist. Public relations has nothing in common with the 'psychological manipulation' which Mr. Whitehead so rightly fears.

One last small but important point. It is not possible in the United Kingdom to "place" helpful news or feature stories in the columns of magazines or newspapers' as Mr. Whitehead naively suggests. It is common practice to send or offer such help to the press but such items are only accepted if the editor considers them worthy of publication. This is a most effective safeguard.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1.

SAM BLACK

Sir,—Mr. Whitehead rightly considers that in 'the elementary training in critical discrimination . . . the total achievement is inadequate'. But I should like to qualify his reasons for this of 'virtually no official support' and 'far more energy has been expended in preaching to W.E.A. classes which are already half-converted than in tackling the far more intractable problem of the fifteen-year-old secondary school-leaver . . .'

It is significant that this coming week-end at King's College, Cambridge, there is a conference of university teachers, W.E.A. and extra-mural staff, industrial managers and personnel and education officers, and Ministry of Education inspectors, who are meeting under

the title of 'Liberal Studies for Apprentices', to discuss the remarkable development over the last five years of W.E.A. courses in factories for young workers.

Most of these courses, over 100 in all, have been concerned with 'the elementary training in critical discrimination', under such titles as 'Clear Thinking', 'Social Problems', 'Public Opinion'; and, as is the W.E.A. tradition, the students have themselves chosen these subjects for study, have generally paid for them themselves and given up some of their own time for this purpose. That this is as yet 'unevenly distributed' is one of the things the conference is about, as the work has been confined mainly so far to the W.E.A. London and Eastern Districts, particularly in Essex where it has been helped by the example of the excellent work done at Wicken House. But it is already spreading to other areas, and there is little to stop it doing so, if the desire is there. The work can easily be moulded into the more normal adult educational pattern with the usual voluntary and official backing.

It is perhaps no accident that the two tutors most closely linked up with this work so far took their degrees from Downing College, Cambridge, and were lucky to have Dr. Leavis as one of their supervisors.—Yours, etc.,

Chigwell C. G. STUTTARD

Bruckner and His Advocates

Sir,—Your music critic's remarks about Bruckner and his advocates (THE LISTENER, March 16) are so tendentious as to call for comment. He says 'it is time a protest was made against the attempt now being made, fostered it would seem by pressure-groups, to persuade the . . . British music-lover . . . that Anton Bruckner was a great composer'; and he attributes this attempt to 'the current craze for everything Viennese'. All this is quite ridiculous: some years ago Mr. Myers and like-minded musicians made much propaganda on behalf of Stravinsky and the French school; should anyone then have 'protested', or talked of 'pressure-groups' and 'the current craze for everything French'? (Stravinsky is as much and as little French as Bruckner is Viennese).

The simple truth is that, of recent years, several younger musicians, all separately convinced that the neglected Bruckner, whatever his faults, was indeed a great composer, have naturally expressed their opinion, with some vigour, in print and/or on the air. They are David Drew, Hans Keller, Robert Simpson, Harold Truscott, myself, and Bryan Fairfax, who has given practical expression to his opinion by organizing and conducting Bruckner Festivals. These can hardly be called a pressure-group, in view of their widely differing allegiances in other musical fields (Messiaen, Britten, Nielsen, etc.).

Of course, what Mr. Myers wishes to imply is that Bruckner is *ipso facto* beneath serious consideration; but this is exactly what Bruckner's advocates are determined to contest. Mr. Myers hardly clarifies the issue by applying to the Eighth Symphony mere abusive epithets—

'monumentally tedious' and 'ponderous'—in place of reasoned criticism, thus begging the whole question.

May I set him right on a matter of fact? Bruckner gave the Eighth Symphony no subtitle; if someone else saw fit to label it 'The Apocalyptic' he cannot be blamed for that.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

DERYCK COOKE

Schönberg's Ideas

Sir,—It is a strange choice that leads you to publish (in THE LISTENER of March 9), by way of 'introduction' to Schönberg's piano pieces, an article in which his ideas are presented *not* through a critical examination of his music nor a close scrutiny of what he himself has said, but through the eyes of Nietzsche (as prophet) and Thomas Mann (as denigrator).

Now, when so many of Schönberg's descendants have made pseudo-intellectual nonsense of all that he passionately stood for, there is good reason for a *non-theoretical* reappraisal of his music and his aesthetic. There is also room for a reconsideration, in purely human (emotional) terms, of what he succeeded in saying in his art.

But surely it is time to drop all this cackle about 'absolutism'. Twelve-note technique is no more absolute, in its demands, than strict counterpoint, canon, or fugue. And, in any case, 'obedience' does not automatically spell nonsense. When Mozart, in the great double fugue of the Requiem, answers the first subject tonally he does so in obedience to certain laws then in force; and the modification is, in itself, musically striking. The laws, then, were indeed 'numberless' compared with the present-day twelve-note technique: for 'freedom', of every kind, is the order of the day.

It is time, also, to reconsider the long overstated claims of what is or is not atonal. Many of us are learning (slowly and painfully, it is true) to hear a great deal that was once thought atonal as merely an extreme extension of chromaticism. Stravinsky even hears long stretches of Webern in this way: Winfried Zillig goes so far as to suggest that a twelve-note row is only a kind of mode, an aspect of diatonicism, to be compared in this sense with medieval modes. Others see the note-row as a new form of key signature.

By all means let us have open-minded and personal responses from music listeners (I avoid the debased word 'lovers'), let us have precise technical re-examination. But, surely, we can do better than Nietzsche (who hadn't heard it) and Mann (who didn't like it)?—Yours, etc.,

Locarno

BENJAMIN FRANKEL

Forcing the Young into the Past

Sir,—Mr. Hale's excellent talk (printed in THE LISTENER of March 9) is most timely and of special interest to parents. One sentence in the last paragraph, however, gives rise to some uneasiness. Mr. Hale says that 'text-books—guides to the labyrinths of politics and the arts—can be specially written . . .'

There is already an abundance of books giving

'background' information relating to current events, and also of technical books on modern music and the arts, for those who are eager to learn. Surely, what is needed above all is an example in living. If parents and teachers themselves show 'an adequate interest in contemporary culture and a vital interest in contemporary affairs' by, for example, making modern music and not just listening to it uncritically (or all too critically!); by encouraging local dramatic societies to present modern plays, rather than just reading them at home and dismissing them; by actively engaging in local politics and local government, as well as in trade union or management association activity, then the children in their care are fired by the same enthusiasm and vitality. Furthermore, vital questions are not, as is so often the case, discussed purely philosophically and in a vacuum.

Such a view of the responsibility of parents and teachers means that they themselves must be seen to use their leisure not merely for 'uncritical enjoyment'. Care of the young is a full-time job requiring the intelligent use of all resources—mental, spiritual, material—during every waking hour of a parent's and teacher's life.—Yours, etc.,

Hitchin

EVA HOLLOWAY

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. Robin Fulton, speaks of 'forcing the young into the past', by reading English literature of an earlier age. Has he considered the attitude of these young people?

I am in the 'A' stream at a grammar school, in my fourth year, and all my class-mates, and myself, have been reading, and enjoying, *Pride and Prejudice* and *Wuthering Heights* this year. Two years ago we read *Ivanhoe* and we enjoyed it tremendously. We like our poetry lessons, and we are studying a selection of modern poetry. Admittedly, we are very fortunate in our English mistress, but even without her, we have read, and really enjoyed, the works of Scott, Austen, and other older novelists.

How can we learn about English literature without reading the classics? I have found, in schools and classes other than my own, that children seem to prefer the novels by Jane Austen to those of Hartley, or H. Spring, George Orwell or other modern novelists. There are more girls in our class who have read, by preference, a play by Shakespeare than those who have read, by preference, a play by Priestley or Maugham or other modern play-writers.

The older works have a dignity and grace that are not often found in modern works. Do you not consider it best for us to have at least a nodding acquaintance with the works of classic beauty, before reading the more abrupt and modern works? I think so; we think so.

Yours, etc.,

Croydon

PATRICIA MACKEY (aged 14)

After the Death of Lumumba

Sir,—The comments of your reporter, Douglas Stuart (THE LISTENER of February 23) about America pressing Belgium to nationalize the Union Minière would be laughable were they not so dangerous. I hold no brief for militarist activities in the Congo, other than U.N.'s, but when it comes to mining—the only unaffected industry in the whole of the Congo—then for heaven's sake let us do everything to

keep the Union Minière, a substantial part of which is British-owned, firmly in the saddle.

Tshombe, to keep Katanga from chaos, needs a smooth running mining industry. The mining industry, conversely, needs stable government. But for the State Department to say the latter controls the former is complete misrepresentation. Tshombe himself has said on several occasions that although he has no more love for Belgian Colonialism than any other African Nationalist, he is beholden to them for technical assistance, particularly in the mines.

Considering the troubles the Belgian Government has faced at home recently and its comparative absence in the copper mining areas of Katanga since the independence riots, it would be an act of folly to switch control.

To supplant efficient technical administration by bureaucratic control could wreck Katanga's economy in no time and simply result in expropriation. Thus would be destroyed the one chance of stabilizing the Congo which in the last analysis depends for its economic viability on Katanga's mines.—Yours, etc.,

Oxshott

KENNETH MASON

Visual Arts of Greece

Sir,—While reading with interest the discussion of Greek Art by Mr. Ayrton and Professor Robertson (THE LISTENER, March 9) I wonder whether cosy chats of this sort can ever do much good.

Mr. Ayrton, indeed, was perfectly frank about his prejudices. He hates charm in a work of art; and he considers our modern aesthetic sense 'highly developed' (shades of Professor Wind's Reith Lectures!) Even so, the beginner could hardly guess how he has twisted Greek art to suit his various beliefs. The early Greeks, he says, cared about no ideas of beauty when making their statues. He forgets that quite early the Greek word for 'statue' was 'agalma'—a 'charming thing'. Then both speakers agree that in the great Classic Age there was only one patron, the city, which used art for religious and political purposes, but that after about 320 there were mainly private patrons, mostly Hellenistic kings, who apparently used it in some other way. But if the Hellenistic Kings of Pergamon did not use art for political and religious purposes, I don't know who did.

Again, Professor Robertson appears to say that one would never find a genre scene in the classical period, nor a figure designed to be seen from many different viewpoints. Surely one might find both with Praxiteles. Throughout this talk, the period of Praxiteles, highly classical and one of the greatest in Greek sculpture, was ignored. Perhaps Professor Robertson was flouting his audience's prejudices here. For, in his view, 'We think today of the naked marble Aphrodite as the most typical kind of Greek statue'. Who is this 'we'? Mr. Crichton? 'We in Cambridge don't think much of Porson', said the visiting bishop. To whom the young Landor replied 'We, my Lord?'

The talk had its share of carelessness. Mr. Ayrton derived his remarks on sculptural technique from Bluemel, but left out the all-important stage of the claw-chisel. It's not true, *pace* Professor Robertson, that road- and bridge-building led to Roman architectural development. Rather, it was the need of decent provision for great crowds in the public buildings of cities. Is 'every aspect of the formation

of the Greek temple—style . . . really based [sic] upon wood'? The literal translation of a Greek Doric temple into carpentry would lead to a monstrosity—as all know who have ever tried it. Mr. Ayrton greatly underrates the subtle but considerable variations between all Greek temple-designs. What domes and arches of Etruria are contemporary with classical Greece?

It is probably a mistake to attempt a short radio-talk on subjects like this. If we must talk, let us approach one or two of the great masterpieces in all humility and try, as well as our poor, latter-day vision will permit, to penetrate to some of the more obvious secrets of their perennial charm.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

HUGH PLOMMER

Marvell a Turncoat?

Sir,—I am mystified by the reference to Marvell in Mr. Ian Rodger's admirable talk 'The Lost Tradition in the Theatre' (THE LISTENER, March 9). In what way did he 'turn his coat'? He was regarded in his own day—and seems to have been ever since—as a shining example of integrity in a corrupt age, and I have never seen or heard of any evidence that challenged this view.—Yours, etc.,

Hawes

F. A. CARTER

Mr. Ian Rodger writes:

I am grateful to Mr. Carter for an opportunity to enlarge on my reference to Marvell which I must confess was rather carelessly phrased. Marvell remained a steadfast supporter of the Commonwealth but even he was forced to cloak his views. He championed Milton openly but he prudently hid the true violence of his hostility in the privacy of his letters to his Hull constituents. Within the privilege of Parliament he attacked the government but it is relevant to my thesis that his satires, which would have led him into serious trouble, were only published in 1689—a year after the Revolution and eleven years after his death.

Basic English

Sir,—In reviewing *The Screens and Other Poems* by I. A. Richards (THE LISTENER, March 9), Mr. P. N. Furbank comments: 'It is a nice Benthamite touch, too, that he [Richards] and Ogden left the word "soul" out of Basic English'. Contrary to Mr. Furbank's belief, the word 'soul' is included in the Basic English vocabulary where it appears in the Verse list.

The legend that Dr. Richards was the joint inventor with C. K. Ogden of Basic English dies hard, perhaps because it started at so exalted a level as Sir Winston Churchill whose celebrated speech at Harvard, September 7, 1943, was responsible for the mistaken impression that Ogden and Richards were its joint inventors. Reverberating around the world in time of war, this mistake inevitably held the field and still persists in spite of the efforts of Dr. Richards himself to kill it, notably in *The Times* of June 18, 1947, when he wrote:

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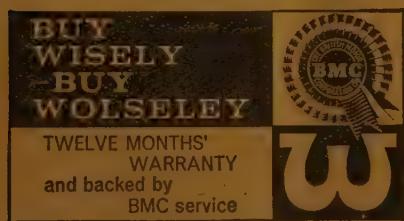


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HOW TO BE A CHAIRMAN

By PODALIRIUS

Business executives, says a doctor, should eat and work less, have longer holidays, and take a nap after lunch. Then they'd be healthier. Life, he adds, has become for them a series of unbiological excesses with no time to stand and stare.

A nap after lunch?—Excellent, though a few executives are already taking a nap more often, having acquired the trick of narrowing their eyes for long periods to mere unfathomable slits. They seem therefore at the conference to be all ears, ready to pounce at any moment, when in fact they're sound asleep. The majority, however, have not acquired the trick; and if they do attempt a nap in the office after lunch some thrusting young executive is sure to pad in with a sheaf of papers on, say, the shorter working week—for factory staff. 'You were quite right, the old boy really was snoring' is an unwelcome remark to penetrate the sound proofing. Motto number one for business men: if you sleep on the job, don't seem to.

The long working days and short holidays of business men spring from the pretty notion that, if you do sixty hours work a week instead of forty, you achieve sixty instead of forty units of effective work. But sixty hours of brainwork may produce much less than forty—for quality, not quantity, is the goal. Motto number two for business men: more work less effort.

And finally, food. That unbiological excess, the business lunch, is one occasion when business men do stand or rather sit and stare—at the portions of smoked salmon or asparagus tips or ravioli laid before them as preliminaries by their Soho acolytes. They stare, many of them, in dismay. Smoked salmon is all very well, but not four or five times a week; and many executives tell me they would usually settle for a small portion of steak and kidney pie, followed by some in-season fresh fruit. And why don't they?—Because they'd lose face. Motto number three for business men: lose face so long as you're losing weight as well.

Some of the brightest business men I have known retired at forty. And when asked why: 'Because it's a crazy life, doc', they'd say. 'I'm retiring to a little farm I've bought me'. Not all executives can do that, but they can at least remember Voltaire and cultivate their gardens; and I would add, eat its produce. In that way, if ability doesn't get them into the chairman's seat, longevity will. They all, for some reason, want to be chairmen: an ambition that chairmen find very odd indeed.

* * *

Indeed, Podalirius, the chairman-minded executive, is beset with problems as he endures long, semi-wakeful hours at the conference and luncheon tables. Not the least of which is met with knife and fork in hand. For today's food is often lacking in vital factors. That's why the wisest make good this deficiency by sprinkling a little Bemax on their food each day. Why? Because Bemax is stabilized wheat germ—the richest natural vitamin-protein-mineral supplement known to man. It's available from chemists and grocers.

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For example: you will often find, in *The Observer*, contributions by Eirlys Roberts, editor of 'Which?', and Elizabeth Gundry, editor of 'Shopper's Guide', reporting the results of their systematic investigations into the value-for-money of goods of all kinds. Patience Gray is another, and more regular, shopper's friend; and Syllabub's column, "In the Kitchen", is fertile with suggestions for transcending the limits of the mass food market.

Pierre d'Harcourt, blazing holiday trails for the adventurous, does not pretend that every resort is unalloyed bliss. Katharine Whitehorn, a fashion writer witty enough to be enjoyed by men, is distinctly candid. Dr. Abraham Marcus reviews patent medicines with a sometimes disconcerting frankness. And Dinah Brooke writes about Education from a position shoulder to shoulder with parents.

The point is that in face of big business or officialdom *The Observer* is *on your side*. It's rather nice to have it there.

J.B.L.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Three Essays on the Painting of our Time
By Adrian Stokes.
Tavistock Publications. 12s. 6d.

Reviewed by SIR HERBERT READ

THIS IS A SHORT BOOK (sixty-five pages), but an extremely concentrated one. The ideas it expresses are fundamental, and they are presented with little consideration for the lazy reader. Mr. Stokes, who often writes about 'the object', is an objective writer. 'Architecture', he once said, 'is a solid dream for those who love it'. Writing is a solid dream for Adrian Stokes. I think his style, and it is a very distinctive style, must have been influenced by the experience of psycho-analysis, which is a process of turning symbols into solid objects, dreams into reality.

The essays are all concerned with the experience of art, more particularly of painting (an art which Mr. Stokes himself practises), and this process, too, is shown to be a turning of symbols into solid objects. The painter is a man who

projects with astuteness upon the canvas an inner need in terms of the outside objects he has chosen, so that both he and they renew life; that is, so as to figure forth a pattern wherein confusion, though it may be rehearsed there, may not rule; and greed and sadistic control of the object, though they too may figure, are not unchallenged.

That is a definition of the purpose of art, the best I know, and this book is but an elaboration of a definition. The need for an identification with the object has to be explained (it removes a barrier between the self and the not-self). The kind of 'commerce' we have with the object has to be described in order to show that the work of art is the best kind of self-sufficient object with which we can identify ourselves and at the same time hold commerce. In fact, the work of art is unique in this respect, and essential for individual sanity and social order. In painting a picture the artist is performing an act of integration that has a threefold significance. In the first place, he creates an object which resolves the contradictions of his own psyche, calms his nerves, as we say. In the second place, the work of art is part of a patient construction of what the psycho-analyst calls the ego: a coherent idealization of existence, an acceptable excuse for living in an apparently absurd universe. Finally, by these means the artist helps to create a civilization or culture, a general body of symbolic objects to which a community can give its admiration and allegiance. Moreover, whatever philosophers and theologians may say to the contrary, it is only art that can perform this service for the community.

The argument leads us deep into psychoanalytical theory. Mr. Stokes relies on the particular doctrine associated with the name of Melanie Klein, a doctrine which is based on the analysis of the infant's early reactions to the breast. However far-fetched and improbable this doctrine may seem to those who have not followed Dr. Klein's analyses in all their patient detail, it must be said that it fits the facts—and by 'facts' I mean the facts of aesthetic experience in their widest range—primitive, idealistic,

expressionistic, abstract. The work of art can always be explained as a concrete object that saves us from the abyss—the nothingness that first threatens us when we are deprived of the breast, and continues to threaten us unconsciously unless we find a substitute object we can love, and in whose concreteness we can find security. It is a process of infinite complexity, and no doubt the Kleinian reliance on 'breast psychology' is not the only possible thread to guide us through the labyrinth of art. But it has certain advantages which are not obvious in other schools of psycho-analysis—above all, it does offer the best explanation known to me of certain aspects of the work of art neglected by other theories: the importance of texture, of distance, of concreteness or objectivity. Most explanations of art remain unconvincing because they ignore what is most essential in art, its sensuousness.

Such an explanation is generally good for all periods. But in these essays the author is more specifically concerned with the art 'of our time', and offers, in addition to a general theory, convincing explanations of some of the peculiarities of modern art—its tendencies to primitivism, distortion, abstraction. But these, too, are all aspects of the object, and are convincingly explained by the general theory.

A History of Modern France. Volume II: From the First Empire to the Fourth Republic, 1799-1945. By Alfred Cobban. Penguin Books. 5s.

This volume, together with the previous volume published four years ago, provides the general reader with an admirably balanced and scholarly, yet refreshingly readable, survey of French history after 1715. It is best on the era before 1870, both in its balance between the various aspects of French history (political, economic, social, cultural) and in the incisiveness and breadth of its judgments. The present volume is particularly good on Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon, and on the social developments of France during their reigns. It occasionally offers the perceptive long-range generalization which illuminates many events at once.

The army, like the peasants of which its ranks were so largely composed, passed from one side to the other in June 1848. The Grand Peur of 1789, Valmy and Jemappes, the four sergeants of La Rochelle, and a host of other memories identified the peasant with social disorder and the army with revolution. Almost at a blow the myth—for it had become a myth by 1848—was ended: the peasant became the embodiment of social conservatism and the army the bulwark of order.

Such a change made possible both the Second Empire and the Third Republic.

In view of these great virtues, it is a pity that the book devotes a mere hundred pages to a sketchy and inadequate treatment of the eventful seventy-five years after 1870. In his introduction the author remarks that 'partly for lack of space, my treatment of the twentieth century has been confined mainly to an outline of political de-

velopments', and he rightly regrets the scarcity of good monographs on economic developments. But material even on the economic history of twentieth-century France is not quite as meagre as this, and the penetrating questions about it, comparable with those so admirably handled for earlier periods, are scarcely asked. To conclude the story in 1945 is anyhow unsatisfactory and unsatisfying, and if more space was really unavailable then it would have been better to end this volume in 1914. To uphold the many-sidedness of general history is now so important a task, and Professor Cobban has so splendidly exemplified it in the rest of this work, that the lapse of his later chapters is the more to be regretted.

DAVID THOMSON

Matthew Arnold and the Decline of English Romanticism. By D. G. James. Oxford. 18s.

One is heartened to see that in this administrative age, a Vice-Chancellor can find scope and energy for work as inward and telling as this brief but important book. Its thesis is that Arnold, influenced by his father, and by Newman as controversialist, represents in his own work not a recovery but a decline from Romanticism. His intimate personal affinity towards that movement took him to the dispirited nostalgia of Senancour. All in all, he came largely to lose sight of the central Romantic intuition: the primacy of the imagination in art. Instead of trusting to its powers of symbol and vision in poetry, he inclined towards the cardinal error, that of seeing poetry as cognitive: and able, therefore, as the 'application of ideas to life', to contribute in a straightforward way to the problems of the age. His work represents a 'late stage in the dissolution of a culture': the moment, one might say, when great artistic insights are passing back, shorn of their distinctiveness and power, into the general medium of cultured controversy.

From time to time, Dr. James concedes, Arnold was true to what lay behind him: his well-known '... under the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty' shows it. But, drawn out between two ultimately hostile and irreconcilable viewpoints, his work becomes inconsistent. Dr. James does not make his point over the 'Function of Criticism' essay, because he does not discuss how that piece largely takes its problem and terminology from Saint-Simon. The fault, though, is Arnold's. He gave the vaguest hints of the context of his discussion, and of how much he was simplifying the issues in it. The book is convincing, however, in displaying Arnold's confusion, across several of his essays, about Goethe. Nor was it a trivial confusion. It went back to confused first principles; and Dr. James justly claims that Arnold, in his constant shifting of position, in his repudiation of anything that smacked of the systematic, the philosophical, was guilty of the kind of irresponsibility, the 'doing as one likes', which he himself reproved as characteristic of English complacency and provincialism.

Admittedly, Dr. James too is one-sided. He

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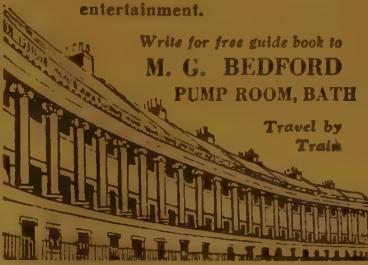
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—Swedenborg

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ays scant tribute to Arnold's beautiful flexibility and persuasiveness (though his owniable style surely springs from that). More important, he passes over what is perhaps Arnold's greatest quality: his power, even when falling back on some mere hint, some idea thrown out, to give his work a deep and tal sense of reality directly felt. But the fact remains. Arnold cultivated the 'literary sensibility', and not the other potentialities of the mind. He sensed its strength more than its limitations, and he trusted to it when it spread over into social or religious matters where its power was oblique and limited. The basic ideas even of his criticism are insufficiently considered, consistent and explicit, and the 'helpfulness' they throw out often goes with a good deal of its opposite. Others, later, have followed him. Dr. James's elegant book will provoke them; conceivably to second thoughts.

JOHN HOLLOWAY

Life, Death and the Law

By Norman St. John-Stevas.
Eyre and Spottiswoode. 35s.

The conflict between traditional moral rules which have been incorporated into religious literature and those more tolerant views which are derived from rational reflection on the amount of state interference with the liberty of its subjects that should be tolerated, is one that confronts all backward countries. The problem is to persuade believers that they can countenance certain legal provisions without prejudicing their position as members of a religious body. This is what Dr. Stevas sets out to do for his fellow Christians with regard to the control of contraception, artificial insemination, human sterilization, homosexuality, suicide and euthanasia. Two techniques are usually employed in these circumstances. The first is to draw a distinction between morals and the law, taking the view, in Dr. Stevas's own words, that 'moral offences not affecting the common welfare should be excluded from the scope of the law'. The second technique is to hunt about among the original religious texts for principles which will support our case. The former is the technique adopted in the main by Dr. Stevas, the latter is the one most used by people doing the same kind of thing in Islamic countries.

Dr. Stevas is concerned with both England and America and in each chapter he tells us what the law is and what Christians have said about the topics he discusses. The Roman Catholic Church presents a united front, but fortunately the clergy of other denominations are divided, so that it is nearly always possible to find eminent clergymen who have made pronouncements in accord with what appears to be the general movement of public opinion, and thus a form of the second technique can be employed.

The control of contraception is a problem for many of the United States of America, and Dr. Stevas seems to be in favour of relaxation; indeed he thinks that Catholics would be 'wise in recognizing the majority view and refraining from pressing for prohibitive domestic legislation', though he does not think that the Americans ought to accede to requests for contraceptives made by over-populated countries because the Catholics would not approve. He is against artificial insemination by a donor because

of its alleged 'harmful social effects', though the evidence he quotes does not appear to support this hypothesis, save in cases where the husband and/or wife are unstable. As for human sterilization, it seems that Christians ought to be against compulsory sterilization, and 'contraceptive sterilization undertaken solely for reasons of personal convenience', but they may allow voluntary sterilization of those who may transmit disease or mental defect. On homosexuality he takes the Wolfenden line and in this he has ecclesiastical support. Attempted suicide should arouse pity and not penal action, 'not only on grounds of social policy but of charity'. The charity argument, however, though used by certain Protestant and Jewish ministers of New York, is not employed by Dr. Stevas in the matter of euthanasia. Compulsory euthanasia of monsters and idiots is disallowed and 'a statute authorizing voluntary euthanasia, even with safeguards, would be no more acceptable to the Christian conscience'.

Dr. Stevas's book covers the same ground as Dr. Glanville Williams did in his book on *The Sanctity of Life and the Criminal Law*, but it is written for a rather different purpose. As has been said, Dr. Stevas is addressing his fellow Christians, and any book that seeks to promote some degree of rationality into the discussion of controversial subjects is to be welcomed. This does not mean that non-Christians will get nothing from it; after all the pronouncements of religious authorities are frequently instructive, one way or another.

W. J. H. SPROTT

Notebooks 1914-1916

By Ludwig Wittgenstein. Edited by G. H. von Wright and G. E. M. Anscombe, with an English translation by G. E. M. Anscombe. Basil Blackwell. 32s. 6d.

Philosophy and Language. By A. J. Ayer. Oxford. 3s. 6d.

Ludwig Wittgenstein's *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* was published in England in 1922, with a somewhat puzzled introduction by Bertrand Russell, whose pupil Wittgenstein had been in Cambridge just before the 1914-18 war. The book was brief, aphoristic, profound, difficult, and, in places, obscure; it soon gained a great influence by way of attraction and repulsion. This is not surprising, if we consider what its principal conclusions were. Wittgenstein was chiefly concerned with the relation of language to the world, and his main view was that the propositions of ordinary speech and of natural science must be reducible to propositions which picture ultimate, atomic facts. Expressions which are not so reducible are incapable of being true or false and for that reason are meaningless.

From this Wittgenstein concluded that metaphysical utterances, that is, attempts to state what is beyond the natural world, are meaningless, and that the expressions which make up the argument of the *Tractatus* are meaningless too, fulfilling the function of a ladder which is used and then thrown away. The expressions used in ethics, he held, are also meaningless, although they are not unimportant, since ethics is transcendental and *beyond* expression, like the mystical. 'Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent'. Closely involved in the main structure of the book there were accounts

of the nature of logic, of mathematics, of probability, and of causation. Wittgenstein said that the truth of the book seemed to him 'unassailable and definitive'.

The first of the books now under review contains the notes and drafts made by Wittgenstein when he was writing the *Tractatus* in the years 1914-16. In addition there are appendices containing some notes on logic written in 1913, some notes dictated to G. E. Moore in Norway in 1914, and some extracts from Wittgenstein's letters to Bertrand Russell from 1912 to 1920. Not only was Wittgenstein influenced by Russell but also Russell by Wittgenstein. In particular, Russell sadly accepted Wittgenstein's view that logic consists of tautologies. It becomes clear from these *Notebooks* (which presuppose some technical knowledge of logic for their full understanding) how Wittgenstein came to build a whole system of philosophy on the basis of reflection on the logical doctrines of Frege and Russell.

'My work', he writes, 'has extended from the foundations of logic to the nature of the world'. From this and other passages it appears that Wittgenstein conceived himself at this time as developing a constructive view rather than as preparing the way for the predominantly negative theses of what came to be called Logical Positivism. Thus Wittgenstein is seen in these *Notebooks* working out the view that to be meaningful a proposition must 'have two poles', must be capable of either truth or falsity. In the *Tractatus* this was expressed by saying that to understand a proposition is to know what is the case if it is true. Almost imperceptibly this developed into the 'Principle of Verification' of the logical positivists, according to which what cannot in principle be verified by observation is meaningless, or, more provocatively, nonsensical. The systematic brooding of these *Notebooks*, in which God, conscience, happiness and suicide all come under consideration, was replaced by the brisk iconoclasm of Professor Ayer's *Language, Truth and Logic*.

Not so very long after publishing the *Tractatus*, Wittgenstein ceased to believe that its doctrines were 'unassailable and definitive'. What he retained of it was the view that language traps men into confusions which it is the function of philosophy to clear up. Ayer, too, has moved away from some of the detail of *Language, Truth and Logic*. *Philosophy and Language* is his inaugural lecture delivered in Oxford towards the end of last year. In it he surveys the course taken by linguistic philosophy over the last twenty years or so, and concludes that, since it is not possible 'to supply a neutral record of facts, which is free from any taint of theory', philosophical and linguistic questions are not as readily distinguishable from questions of fact as he and Wittgenstein once thought. Indeed, Ayer even suggests that the philosophical method of testing theories, such as, for example, the view that all mental activity is reducible to bodily behaviour, by reference to examples that they must account for without making the explanations unbelievably strained, 'is like that of the natural sciences'. This is not to say that philosophy is indistinguishable from the natural sciences, but to mitigate the division which Wittgenstein did so much to accentuate. Wittgenstein started the *Tractatus* with the words: 'The world is everything that is the case'. Ayer, in recognizing that what is the case

depends in some degree upon the conceptual scheme we utilize, concludes that the objectivity of fact and the nature of meaning still present problems whose solutions elude us.

H. B. ACTON

Chinese Decorative Art. By Martin Feddersen. Translated by Arthur Lane. Faber. 45s.

The appearance of an English edition of Dr. Feddersen's useful and stimulating book on Chinese applied arts is very welcome. The original edition came at an unfortunate time (1939) so that in 1955, when it was revised, enlarged and re-illustrated it became in many respects a new book.

The last twenty years have brought much new material to light and a good deal of this is included. It was unlucky that the finding of pre-An-yang bronzes at Ch'eng-chou should have been just too recent to have been added. The Bronze Age in China poses many problems, not the least of which are, where it began, when, and whether in fact it came from the West. Technically the Chinese castings are among the most accomplished, and piece mould casting is of a standard unparalleled in the ancient world. It is important here to stress that the piece moulds found at An-yang were certainly used for direct casting, and that the author's suggestion that they 'may possibly have served in preparing wax models for the *cire-perdue* process of casting' is without foundation; it is technically impossible, and even if it were possible, it would involve an unnecessary multiplicity of positive and negative forms. If on techniques the author occasionally goes astray, on matters of style in decoration he excels; his admirable summary of the categories of bronze styles, distinguished by Karlgreen in a series of long and difficult articles, is exceptionally lucid and informative.

The long chapter on ceramics is interesting and gives much food for thought. It was a pity that the conclusions on *Yüeh* celadon were not revised; Karlbeck's studies, published in 1949, brought about the identification of many complete pieces of this ware. On the relationships of forms and decorations there will always be argument, but to be told that Sasanid Persian art influenced *Yüeh* in the Six Dynasties period was surprising; this is hard to believe. Still on the subject of celadon, I feel it essential to point out an error that has been perpetuated too often. The Japanese term *tobi-seiji* does not mean 'buckwheat celadon'; *tobi* means 'flying'. *Soba* is the word for buckwheat. May we perhaps stick to the Japanese term *tobi-seiji*, or call it simply 'spotted celadon'?

On the subject of jade, which Feddersen discusses in notably simple terms, a commendable caution is observed on the dating of early pieces. Other subjects dealt with briefly are rhinoceros horn carving, glass, lacquer and enamels, materials on which we badly need more information. But the most stimulating chapter was, to my mind, that on textiles. Once again the author's understanding of decorative styles gives authority to his observations. His wide knowl-

edge of oriental traditions as a whole, and his appreciation of the factors involved in the transmission of techniques and motives from East to West and *vice versa*, make this a particularly important chapter in that it is a reminder that no cultural tradition, not even that of China, can mature in isolation.

This volume, admirably translated, is valuable for other things than the straightforward and informative text; the numerous illustrations are enriched by the addition of some extra colour plates of very good quality; the map and chart of bronze forms are helpful, but the bibliography

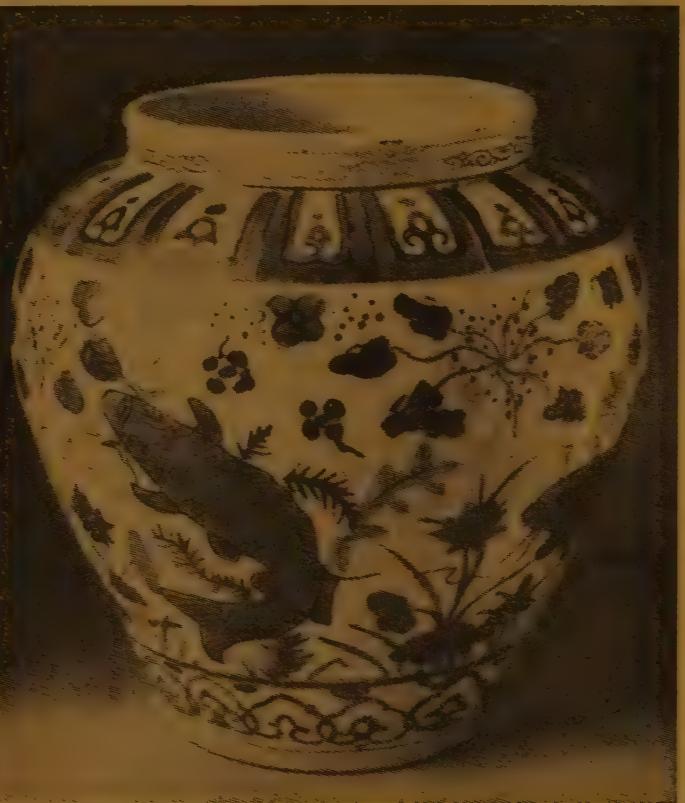
where traditions were honoured, and the singing of music and the telling of stories went on as part of a normal growing-up. He remembers significant details with warm affection and describes them with the eye and ear of a poet, though, at times, he taxes credulity by making incidents and people larger than life. Although Mr. Vaughan makes much of the symbol of the river (it is generally the Usk) it is his family friends and neighbours which emerge most clearly—the farmer grandfather, his carpenter father, his mother and, above all, the eccentric and lovable uncle who poured whiskey into

boots to keep his feet warm, and drugged port laced with brown sugar, nutmeg and cayenne pepper before embarking on a marathon walk with his innocent nephew. Mr. Vaughan communicates all this in a rhythmic haunting prose which gives his book depth and unity. Though his lyrical style may be out of fashion in some quarters, it is certain that Mr. Vaughan's book will give pleasure to many readers who will gladly share his romantic past with him.

Mr. Ball's book is longer, more factual and objective. Some readers may consider that it has too many facts and also that it is lacking in that kind of imaginative glow which books of this order ought to have. The Hopewell family in their gardener's cottage, increasing in number from year to year, are certainly true to life and down to earth. Mr. Ball's memory of the Edwardian period is phenomenal. It shows how the family reacted to the environment and how its various members took their place in a world in which the last vestiges of feudal Victorianism were gradually disappearing. Mrs. Hopewell is the heroine of this, but Mr. Hopewell is always there to hand, a man of spirit and good humour, ready to defend his rights against the 'old gal' and her family at the Big House. And the old grand-

father often sums up the situation in a few terse and well-pointed remarks. Mr. Ball is an amusing, ironic writer whose book gives a genuine breath of fresh air, but whose characters do not develop as they promise to do in the opening chapters.

LEONARD CLARK



Porcelain jar painted in underglaze blue, enamel colours, and iron-red: reign of Chia-ching (1522-66)

From 'Chinese Decorative Art.'

aroused my admiration. Too few books in this price range and on this subject have adequate reading lists; this one, carefully classified, is an example of what can and should be done.

MARGARET MEDLEY

There is a River. By Richard Vaughan. Hart-Davis. 15s.

A Breath of Fresh Air. By F. C. Ball. Faber. 18s.

These entertaining books have much in common. They are both about life in the countryside as it was lived by two simple families in the first twenty years of the century; they are clearly autobiographical, though written as if they were novels (Mr. Ball's book particularly so), and both reveal a great deal about early childhood.

Mr. Vaughan was brought up in the more remote, rural parts of South Wales; Mr. Ball's buoyant Hopewell family seem to belong to the south-east corner of England. Mr. Vaughan's charmed boyhood was greatly influenced by the rivers, hills and ancient farmlands of Carmarthenshire and the Monmouthshire-Brecon border country. He belonged to a hardworking, closely-knit community, to 'a parish of giants and horses', in the old Kingdom of Gwent,

The Railways of Britain

An historical introduction. By Jack Simmons. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 30s.

In view of the number of books available on the subject it may seem odd to say that railway history is a neglected subject. Yet, if the whole history is interpreted in its wider sense, the apparent paradox is true. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of the part played by railways in our social history, yet the general historian says little about them and even the little that is often woefully inaccurate. Conversely, the railway enthusiasts who have supplied the vast bulk of railway literature may be masters of detail but they usually lack the ability to stand back from their vast subject and see the whole in the context of general history.

Professor Jack Simmons has now made good this deficiency. As a railway enthusiast he is

uch at home among the technical trees as the rest of his fellow writers on the subject, but as professor of history he is also able to stand back and survey the whole wood as a feature of the historical landscape. In this book he communicates this synoptic view with extraordinary skill and economy, and the result deserves the highest praise.

Books such as this which deal with a big subject in a small compass are usually disappointing. They are often as dull as they are superficial, while the need for compression can cause even the most conscientious and knowledgeable writer to mislead his readers. Professor Simmons

has triumphantly cleared all these hurdles. Because the book contains nothing to bore or bewilder the general reader it fully justifies its sub-title, yet at the same time no railway enthusiast could find it stale meat or fail to profit by reading it.

An introductory chapter on the general historical background of railways is followed by others on Works and Permanent Way, Buildings, Locomotives, Carriages and Wagons and Equipment and Operation. Each is an admirable essay, but the excellent chapter on railway architecture is particularly welcome since of all aspects of railways this has been the most

neglected in the past. In a following chapter called 'Railways on the Ground' the author considers in detail four widely differing sections of the British railway system, proving how greatly a knowledge of history can enhance the interest of any railway journey. This well illustrated book should inspire many readers to pursue the subject further and for them a final chapter on railway literature and maps gives valuable guidance.

To be able to welcome a book with unqualified praise is a rare pleasure. Indeed this reviewer would go so far as to say that no better general review of the subject has ever been written.

L. T. C. ROLT

New Novels

Four Voices. By Isobel English. Longmans. 16s.
Break of Day. By Colette. Secker and Warburg. 11s. 6d.
The Nephew. By James Purdy. Secker and Warburg. 15s.
The Journey Homeward. By Gerald Hanley. Collins. 18s.

OUR BOOKS, two by women and two by men, and it is a long time now since Sir Walter Scott remarked that, although he was all right at 'the big bow-wow style', he could not hope to equal Miss Austen when it came to analysing the delicate intricacies of the more intimate aspects of human behaviour. What man could? Samuel Richardson perhaps, or Gustave Flaubert. Certainly not any living male novelist. Indeed, the development of the novel since Scott's day could be argued to be the story of a gradual feminization. For what interests the large public of our times is the intimate, the peculiar or commonplace emotional vagaries of particular human beings. Of these four books, only one attempts the big bow-wow style and it is, perhaps, the least successful of the lot. This feminization is not altogether a bad thing. The microscopic attitude toward the personalities and predicaments of men and women can lead to a revelation of how small weaknesses enlarge themselves into gross vices with the passage of time, thus increasing our understanding and enlarging our sympathies. It can, on the other hand, run to interminable, self-pitying guff. Both of these tendencies can be illustrated by reference to the works under review.

To begin with Miss English. Her book, like so many others by lady novelists, is written throughout in the first person. There are, however, four first persons, each telling his or her own story, all of them so closely interrelated that a consecutive narrative is formed by their various contributions to the central tale.

The story is that of Penry, an ineffectual failed author who conceals a considerable kindness behind a hopelessly feckless and extravagantly lazy exterior. His is one of the four voices, but the most powerful of them belongs to his third wife, Mona, with whom he has established an odd relationship, one quarter affectionate and three quarters parasitic. They have long been divorced though, ever since the day their decree became absolute, they have depended on one another for different things at different times. Thus, at the very outset, Mona awakens at three in the morning by a telephone call from Penry's mistress, Leonora, who is sick and needs help. She goes, in spite of the fact that, being an alcoholic, she needs a drink,

and she follows the course of Leonora's illness until death supervenes.

But, by the time the book gets properly under way, all that is ten years in the past. Penry and Mona have continued their relationship of mutual dependence—Penry living in a Church Army hostel and Mona in her aunt's house in Cadogan Place. They meet in bars where Penry drinks fizzy lemonade and Mona indulges in something stronger, until their relations are disturbed by the advent of Penry's son by his first marriage, Gervase. This young man, in spite of the example of his father, is also a writer and he intends to marry Blanche, who is already the wife of a certain Sir Alexander Withers. Blanche, the third voice, reminds Penry pathetically of his lost Leonora and differs sharply from his first wife, Gervase's mother, Elizabeth, who is the fourth voice.

All these voices are sharply differentiated from one another yet they modulate together, the shrewish, house-proud Elizabeth with the easy-going good-natured Mona, the wispy Penry with the bright-eyed Blanche, to produce a tone of deep compassion and wise acceptance. None of them is a particularly good person, but then only Elizabeth would claim to be one. What does emerge, with fascinating slowness, is that none of them is a very bad person either. They are merely people, hopelessly caught up in the toils of their own pasts, involved with one another through a series of tensions and compressions that smell bad but break the heart. If Miss English can continue at this voltage she shows every sign of developing into the best woman novelist writing today in English.

It is sad to have to turn from her to the latest translation of Colette, a writer I have long respected. But there is very little to respect in *Break of Day*. A curiously static piece of autobiography, in spite of a disclaiming epigraph, it consists largely of luscious descriptions of the Riviera and maudlin notes on her dead mother. What plot there is details her Platonic affair with a man some fifteen years younger than herself. There are occasional glimpses of the hardness and brightness of some of her earlier books but they are so few and far between that I can only advise all but her most rabid admirers to steer clear of this effort.

With Mr. James Purdy we enter unmistakably into the masculine world. His new book is much more straightforward than its predecessors, but none the worse for that. Unlike the works of the ladies, his eschews the first person. It is told by the old-fashioned, all-seeing narrator. This is a serviceable enough device, since almost all his characters are old and would no doubt wish their activities to be recorded in an old-fashioned way. His story, of the attempt by an aged uncle and aunt to discover the truth of their relationship with their nephew who has been killed in Korea, is very simple. What is not so simple is the picture he builds up of a community of rich eccentrics living, I imagine, in the Southern United States. The dominant figure in this society is a spry old lady of more than ninety summers who seems never to have known a winter. She is the richest person in the neighbourhood, and it is through her understanding that the aunt is finally reassured of the love of her nephew. But the book is full of surprises, the kind of inevitable surprises which are the sign of a major writer. The girl, for example, who has been tied to her invalid mother for twenty years and suddenly goes off and marries a rich homosexual, leaving her mother in the care of two trained nurses. The Jewish professor who develops from a bit of a Don Juan into a broken old man who can only think of avoiding dismissal until it is time to draw his pension. And the nephew, Cliff, himself. But that would be to give too much away. There is only one thing to do with Mr. Purdy. Read him.

Mr. Gerald Hanley's novel is about India, and he has compressed a great deal of understanding of the sub-continent into his imaginary state of Jashimpur. Politics and religion, hereditary powers and secret police, alcohol and *Brahmacharya*, earthquakes and filth, are all included in a racy narrative about how, after the British left India, a reforming Maharajah had to fight not only the landowners in his state but the working-class revolutionaries as well. The only things that are left out are people, for Mr. Hanley's character drawing is rudimentary. This may be a disappointment to some of his admirers, but the pace of his narrative and the delicacy of his humour make it almost an amiable foible rather than a serious defect.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Asking for More

FEW TELEVISION items leave us wanting more. When one comes along, it is an occasion to note. I record here that the 'Monitor' piece on the young conductors' competition (March 12) was, for me, such an item. Knowing next to nothing of music, I became so absorbed in the technique of conducting as expounded by Sir Adrian Boult and Mr. Walter Legge that I could happily have listened to their comments on all the competitors' performances instead of the half-dozen the programme had time for.

The comments of these two judges (the two others being Dr. Otto Klemperer and Mr. Carlo-Maria Giulini) were not always kind, and in the case of one conductor already beginning to be established were, one would have thought, positively damaging. How this young man, or several of the others, can hope to be appointed the conductor of a good orchestra after the remarks made of their lack of conducting ability I do not know. Presumably they agreed to be filmed by the 'Monitor' cameras during their performances in the competition. The judges' comments were added to the sound-track afterwards. Were the competitors given the opportunity of agreeing, or not, to their use?

If this item had been extended, we should have missed, at least for a fortnight, the one that followed, Mr. Michael Ayrton's penetrating assessment of the middle and last periods of Michelangelo, and that would have been a pity. There are not many artists of Mr. Ayrton's calibre, if any, who can explain to the layman, lucidly and without talking down to him, what art is about and how great artists have achieved

their ends. His prose is apt to become euphuistic at times. With Michelangelo as his subject this was perhaps not unfitting.

The prose of the Authorized Version of the Bible is anything but euphuistic, though it was written not long after Lly's time. 'Meeting Point' (March 12) told the story behind the new translation of the Bible and introduced to



us some of the scholars responsible for it. For these eminent churchmen, accustomed to addressing themselves to congregations of upturned faces, the camera had no terrors. Each told his part of the story and handed over to the next with all the nonchalance of a Dimbleby or a Dimmock.

How long will it take us to get used to the new Bible? The rhythms and phraseology of the Authorized Version are surely too deeply imbedded in the minds of many of us, including non-churchgoers, to be displaced by the new, matter-of-fact, more correct translation. It may well happen that the Authorized Version will be treasured for its poetry by non-believers and the half-hearted, and the new version for its more exact rendering of the true word by practising Christians.

At which of the many gradations along the line between strict adherence to biblical precept

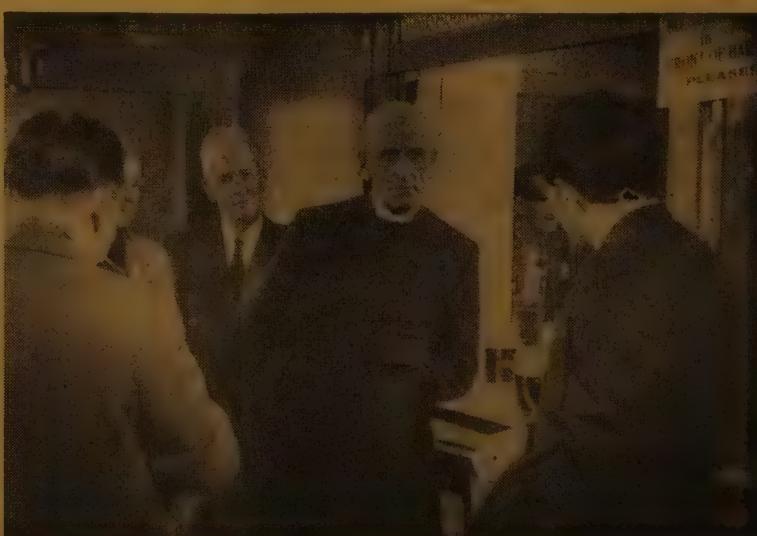


From the film shown in 'Monitor' of the competition for young conductors organized by the Philharmonia Concert Society: above: James Loughran, the winner; left: the judges, left to right, Otto Klemperer, Sir Adrian Boult, Walter Legge, and Carlo-Maria Giulini

and tolerant non-observance does a man cease to be a Christian? John Morgan found himself indirectly up against this problem of definition when he went to sound his fellow-countrymen on their attitude to the proposed changes in the licensing laws in Wales ('Panorama', March 13). He discovered a core of resolute opposition to all drinking of alcohol on a Sunday, a larger mass (so one would think, though it would be unwise to insist on this from the evidence adduced) in favour of Sunday drinking, and a not inconsiderable third group who for years have not wanted to go so far as to have the pubs open on Sundays but have been able to square their consciences to the notion of drinking freely in clubs.

The members of this last group are usually labelled hypocrites, particularly by publicans, and I suppose they are. But how practical is their solution! Life, after all, is for most of us a running fight with conscience, and sophistry such as this a welcome respite from it.

The ten-minute television probe into a matter of current controversy can be enlightening and can be infuriating, and is more likely to be the second than the first because ten minutes is normally too short a time for anything other than a superficial inspection of the main issues. This was certainly true of an item (in the same edition of 'Panorama') in which Richard Dimbleby and four guest speakers argued about the value of manufacturers' guarantees. The



From 'Panorama': Katanga soldiers on parade; and John Morgan (right) interviewing a clergyman about the licensing laws in Wales

two who maintained that many of these guarantees are worthless presented a seemingly strong case. The two who represented manufacturers (cars and electrical goods) seemed evasive and unconvincing.

I emphasize the word 'seemed'. In the time allowed it was impossible for any of the four to do himself justice, or for the crucial points to be argued out to the stage where someone had to admit that he was wrong. These hurried exchanges are inevitably unfair to one side or the other—or to both.

PETER POUND

DRAMA

'Cheerio Lou'

TELEVISION DRAMA quickly recouped any loss it may have suffered over its first re-jigged Monday viewing with a most satisfying play, *Cheerio Lou* on March 13, ebullient with humour, frank and strong in emotion, and saturated with life. Leonard Webb's play kept the kitchen equipment in its place. The cooker was used for its only proper dramatic purpose, as a working-class substitute for the comic cook-general. Yet though the play was old-fashioned in its reliance on proven methods of creating humour, causing tension and exciting interest, it all the same was capable of putting before us a fully rounded figure, of no little depth, in Lou, the eternal mother-figure of East-End existence.

An almost Dickensian fury for life took hold of these people overwhelmingly whenever the slightest chance of displaying it arose. Since Mr. Webb was himself bred among these folk, one felt that their buoyancy was truly observed, and therefore as much a part of their lives as the now more dramatically viable desperation which is supposed to be the canker in their rose. No doubt there is something to be said on both sides; one is grateful simply to find the credit filled in for once.

The strength of *Cheerio Lou* lay in the vividness and forthrightness of characters endowed with the sharp, quick wits native to urban dwellers and a Cockney resilience to adversity which was as moving as it was enviable. And as much as it was an astringently humorous account of a mother's attempt to retain possession of both her family and her condemned home, the play was a paean of praise in favour of the good old days when everything was cheap, everybody laughed, and nothing went wrong even in what we now assume with social condescension was the worst of all possible worlds.

Mr. Webb's assertion has, I myself thought, the firm if unmelodious ring of truth. The gusty vitality of the mother's scrap with her lie-abed son; the reluctant awareness of this young man that if he were ever to have his own life he must break loose from the affectionate, but clinging, tentacles of his mother; the calm, not unphilosophical, squirrel of a husband, shrewdly aware that by appearing unassuming he got his own quiet way as often as not—all smacked of life, funny and real, hard perhaps, but vital, fraught undoubtedly with anxiety, though anxiety of a kind which on maturing turned out to be more laughable than real.

As always with this type of play, it stood or fell by the acting of the central part. Margery Withers proved that she was ideally cast as the bustling, talkative, possessive, fire-spitting, good-hearted Lou. Frank Atkinson in his gently satirical way matched her perfectly, while Brian

Wright and Daniel Moynihan, nicely contrasting brothers, fitted in neatly to the scene.

I find I regret the passing out of our lives of Tim Frazer more than I had imagined one could. *The World of Tim Frazer* (concluded on March 14) by Francis Durbridge and his collaborators, Clive Exton, Charles Hatton, and Barry Thomas, became finally an apter title than it might have been. A curious kind of universe was created in the eighteen weeks of the serial in which even the scurviest knave threw us off the scent by displaying some of the traits so often reserved in this type of fiction solely for the side of justice.

The final episode, incidentally, was one of the least



Scene from *Cheerio Lou*, with (left to right) Brian Wright as Laurie, Frank Atkinson as Fred Beckwith, Carl Bernard as Mr. Phillips, Margery Withers as Lou, Daniel Moynihan as Frank, and Jayne Muir as Mary



Eamonn Andrews supervising a competition in *Crackerjack*

successful, principally because it was far too cluttered with exposition. The long and absurd scene in which Ralph Michael as the secret service chief and his principal assistant (Jack Watling) fed each other with question and answer like some cross-talk act is a kind of writing that went out in detective fiction in the nineteen-thirties. The balance was restored with an exciting night chase in which for once, for this kind of concluding scene, television employed sufficient police to produce a genuine impression of the strength of the law closing in on the hopelessly trapped individual.

Jack Hedley added no more to his laurels here, but one would be glad of a return of Tim Frazer if Mr. Hedley were to play him again. Indeed, I could mention several programmes which could vacate their places for him, one of which is a newcomer, *Klondike* (Wednesdays). Not that there is much new about it, in theme, personalities (protagonist is the all-American boy, pre-crew-cut variety, but long-limbed, pearly-gate white teeth, and a fair profile), or directional approach. March 15's episode, in which a local election big-shot was ridiculed by the use of a pig dressed up as a rival candidate, would have fitted any slapstick film and would into the bargain have been funnier. If this was the Klondike, what of the rip-roaring legends? Who thought them up in that distant pre-press-agent era? But, above all, why take all the trouble to create such sad stuff for our screens?

Two light comedians, Mike Nichols and

Elaine May, subtly satirical, gave a touch of sophistication to *The Perry Como Music Hall* on March 14. The authenticity of the act produced in this distant viewer the sense that its observation of the American scene was shrewd and more than skin deep.

In Children's Television, *Crackerjack* (fortnightly on Thursdays) has as resident comedian Leslie Crowther, who may yet prove to have a similar gift if he can prune his talent of its present tendency for lush exaggeration. *Crackerjack* itself is a fast, lively, enjoyable variety programme, ably compered by Eamonn Andrews.

I enjoyed *The Wrong Side of the Park* by John Mortimer, and will deal with it fully next week.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, JNR.

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Sin and Sidney James

BRUCE STEWART, the author of *The Devil Makes Sunday* (Home Service, March 9) described the play as 'an attempt to say something about men reduced to moral essentials'. So he planted his people on a convict settlement on Norfolk Island in the eighteen-forties. It could be argued that living on an island makes men consider their end and purposes, and the relationship of convict and warder certainly raises plenty of questions about crime and punishment, responsibility and revenge. On a less elevated plane the limitation of space and relationships is economically convenient for drama of any sort and particularly for radio.

We began with a voice counting strokes of the lash which is a guaranteed attention catcher but nearly made me switch off. However, soon after that there came a ballad sung by Dominic Behan, a period piece admirable for evoking atmosphere and getting moral confusion going. I don't know whether it was historically genuine or a pastiche for the occasion and don't greatly care, as it did its job. But doubtfulness about the dating of the moral sentiments of the persons of the drama was more serious. Theatrically speaking most of us are now ready to be on the side of prisoners—especially when we have had our noses rubbed in a case or two

of cruel discipline or plain injustice. But I felt several times in this play that modern sentiments had been transported implausibly back in time.

The well-spoken and unaggressive prisoner Silverwood (William Eedle) accepted the justice of his punishment: 'My crime was that I defrauded the poor. . . . I was a business man'. The clergyman Graves (Godfrey Kenton) is ready to be shot because 'I had conviction about the way men ought to be treated on this island but no courage; so I failed'. These guilts are surely not of 1840. The movement of the play—mutiny, ransom, and attempted escape—was exciting enough but kept slow for the development of a debate on justification between Clay (Barry Keegan) the rebel leader, and the Commandant, Major Childs (Robert Harris). It was a good clash of wills and classes, but I believed in the Major far more when he was sure that lashes would offer men the means of grace than when he became convicted of sin; and in Clay when he knew that all 'traps' were vicious and the enemy than when he was confused by the consistency of the upper orders. Still, a morality play ought to start an argument and the tension and flavour which John Gibson's production got into this one were considerable.

It is hard to consider the quality of Sid James apart from that of the man Hancock to whom he was far more than a stooge or foil. It is also unfair. *It's a Deal!* (Light Programme, March 16), shows signs of becoming a series to be followed. The infinite amorality and dead commonness of Mr. James is well placed in the property business and his script-writers are giving him situations in which his exceptionally low cunning, desperate resource and gusto in defeat get full play. The suffering gentility of Dennis Price fits his villainy well. As James was to Hancock, Price is more than a straight man. Somebody ought to do a survey of the star as stooge in situation comedy. Tommy Handley is the classic case and the briefest research into *Itma* will show that although the whole strange affair rested on the character of Tommy, all the catch-phrases which echoed through a war were spoken by the other members of his conspiracy. In the current number of *It's a Deal!* there was an agonizing sequence based on the not giving of change for telephones in railway stations, good golf slapstick, and a helpful thought about Tudor buildings standing as they 'always stood from time immortal'. Time immortal is the medium and habitation of Sidney James, and it is to be hoped that all the Ronalds who are writing and producing for him will keep it in mind.

In what we still seem to be allowed to call Children's Hour, there are a couple of serials on Wednesdays which can be strongly recommended to the most uppish adult. One is a dramatization of David Walker's novel *Geordie*, a tale of splendours and miseries which would draw furtive tears from a professional dramatic critic on a superior Sunday. The other is a reading of J. R. R. Tolkien's *The Hobbit*—the mythological fantasy which leader-writers will soon be quoting as they used to quote *Alice*. David Davis reads it extremely well, as was to be expected.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD

The Gift of the Gab

THE ART OF conversation and the art of monologue are two entirely different kettles of fish; and as for radio conversation, it is an art in itself which notably few speakers seem to master. Faced with a producer beaming encouragement from the control room, a microphone, and, to

cap it all, a chairman, even accomplished speakers turn nervously platitudinous; and by the time they have been taped and edited, any remaining suspicion of give-and-take, let alone any fire, is often gone. 'The Attack on World Poverty' (March 14) was a four-cornered talk on Andrew Shonfield's recent book; and the Third Programme recognized the importance of the subject by giving it forty-five minutes out of its all-too-meagre ration. But it is not enough to assemble an important topic, four intellectuals, and a microphone: the result will not always be compulsive listening. There was probably quite a good essay here; but, judged purely as a broadcast, the programme was among the most soporific I can remember.

Is the answer to the problem simply talking off the cuff? Not if we are to judge by 'Working with Teenagers' (Home Service, March 13). The problems of adolescents are food enough for some straight, forceful talks; but even George Scott, let loose with a tape-recorder at a weekend course for youth leaders, could not automatically produce a good twenty-minute broadcast. The feeling was there, all right, in every speaker; the facts were there, too. But that is a very different thing from being articulate on the air. Then, again: on December 2 we had a pleasant talk by Gerald Sparrow, a former Judge in Bangkok, on 'Twenty-five Years in Siam'. But on March 12 (Home Service) we were given 'Between Smiles in Siam', a conversation between four travellers, including Gerald Sparrow; and, alas, what a difference there was in quality! Personal reminiscences, when they are warm and strong, are in quite a different class from this sort of commonplace conversation. The Siamese are hospitable, they have a sense of fun, they are religious, they love peace. That was the gist of the programme; and it didn't seem worth half an hour at a peak listening period.

The one successful discussion I heard last week was the tenth and final programme in the series 'The Greeks' (Network Three, March 15). Even without the galvanic chairmanship of Sir Mortimer Wheeler, the speakers would have been lively; as it was, they discussed the future of classical scholarship with real contagious enthusiasm (and how different that is from the scripted kind!). It was a revelation to hear how much of Greece remains to be excavated, how many texts remain to be published. It was enough to rouse even those who (in Sir Mortimer's pejorative phrase) consider archaeology as a treasure-hunt; and that, I suppose, is the vast majority of us. Anyhow, 'The Greeks are dead. Long live the Greeks!' This was a vigorous ending to a notable series of broadcasts.

'The Tuesday Talk' on March 14 was given, aptly enough, on the New Testament of the New English Bible, published that day. The Rev. Professor Gordon Rupp made some lively comments on earlier translations, and a good case for a modern version whose strength 'lay in plain narrative and clear argument'; a Bible of 'more cleaner English'. Yet his apology (published in THE LISTENER last week) did not perhaps make converts of us all; and the extracts he read from the New English Bible sounded disconcertingly utilitarian when one reflected on the Authorized Version. Though it is much more accurate, though it is dignified, what will it be worth as literature, set beside such a masterpiece as the Version of 1611?

The most stylish talk I heard last week was undoubtedly 'The Silk Road to Samarkand' (Home Service, March 15): an account by Mir S. Khan of a 2,000-mile journey on which 'to arrive at all would be a blessing of God'. Was the talk, perhaps, just a trifle too literary in phrasing? You could hardly delude yourself (and the delusion may be necessary to radio) that the speaker was sitting facing you, and extemporizing in a *tête-à-tête*. Anyway, I shall give

Mr. Khan the benefit of a doubt. He had something to say, and he said it well.

I enjoyed 'The Gilded Cage' the same evening much more than I expected. I am not greatly enamoured of the *chinoiseries* which from time to time embellish the Third Programme; but if Hugh Gordon Porteus did not convince us that Prince Li Yu of Wu was a major poet, he did convey to the uninitiated that the last Emperor of the Southern Tang Dynasty wrote poems of a quiet imagist charm and, at moments, of undoubted poignancy. The translation was introduced with evident enjoyment, and read with much accomplishment by Olive Gregg and Gary Watson.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC

Back to Schönberg

ATONAL MUSIC has long since ceased to have the quality of novelty, and nobody thinks now of writing music in a stated key. Indeed, in the year of grace 1961 it may be doubted whether the notion of 'modulation', in the old-fashioned sense, means much to the young who, if the school presided over by Mr. Peter Maxwell Davies, for example, is anything to go by, learn to lisp in dodecaphonic numbers and probably look on Boulez as hopelessly *démodé*. But in 1908, the year in which Arnold Schönberg made musical history with his Op. 11—the *Three Pieces* for piano which Charles Rosen played last week (Third Programme, March 14)—it was a different picture.

At that time, while it is true that composers like Scriabin, Debussy, and Ravel were gradually extending the boundaries of harmony, no one had as yet thought of abandoning tonality altogether. Stravinsky, still a student, had just completed his first *Symphony in E flat*, and not until five years later was he to startle the world with the bombshell that was *The Rite of Spring*. The *Three Pieces*, therefore, were the first indication that music was undergoing, or about to undergo, a radical transformation; for with them, to quote the writer of the article on Schönberg in *Grove*, the composer 'finally crossed the frontier and turned his back on tonality. The importance of this step, not only for his own music and that of his followers, but for the world of music in general cannot be exaggerated'.

Schönberg was thirty-four years old when he published his Op. 11, and three years later he produced the *Six Little Pieces* for piano, written in the same atonal style. These, too, were broadcast by Mr. Rosen in the same programme, which also included works by Debussy. (The programme was, in fact, the first of a series of three to be devoted to the piano works of Schönberg and Debussy.) It was particularly interesting to hear the Debussy (*La cathédrale engloutie*, *Les collines d'Anacapri*, and *L'île joyeuse*) immediately after the Schönberg pieces which, though poetical and impressionistic in their way, are essentially static, and create an impression of monotony when heard one after another. What they lack, of course, is the rhythmic vitality and waywardness of Debussy's short piano pieces where everything is fluid and mercurial; while in the *Cathédrale* there is majesty as well, in addition to some interesting chord clusters which, though in no sense atonal, are typical of Debussy's 'free' harmonies.

More Schönberg, only this time a completely 'tonal' piece though composed as late as 1934, in the shape of the *Suite in G* for string orchestra, was included in the programme of the St. Cecilia Orchestra's 'chamber orchestral concert' (Third Programme, March 13) conducted by Trevor Harvey. With the exception of a rather nostalgic *Poem* for flute and small orchestra

by the American composer Charles Griffes, who died in 1920 (beautifully played by Geoffrey Gilbert), all the music played was of the 'neo-classical' variety, including the Schönberg *Suite* which no one hearing it for the first time could have guessed was by the composer of *Pierrot Lunaire*. I particularly liked the Roussel *Cello Concertino*, vigorous, muscular and pleasantly astringent, with a fine slow movement, of which Derek Simpson gave a good account, though one could have wished for a little more temperament. This excellent and commendably 'off the beaten track' programme concluded with the delightful *Dances Concertantes* which Stravinsky wrote for a Los Angeles orchestra during the war, not as a ballet (though Balanchine later composed a choreography for them) but as

abstract essays, as it were, in dance form. This music has the same kind of tonic and aseptic flavour as the Roussel *Concertino*, and both works were given a lively and clean-cut performance by the St. Cecilia Orchestra.

Rumania has been sending us several distinguished musicians recently, and last week the Royal Philharmonic Society invited the well known conductor Constantin Silvestri to conduct the Philharmonic Orchestra in a programme of music by Beethoven, Bartók and Tchaikovsky (Home Service, March 15). I was unable to hear the Tchaikovsky (Fourth Symphony), but I thought the conductor secured a fine, taut performance of the *Coriolan* overture before going on to the Bartók *Violin Concerto*, in which André Gertler proved once again what

a fine violinist he is. This is undoubtedly one of the best of the modern violin concertos, if not the best; but it needs a real artist, and not merely an accomplished executant, to bring out all its beauties—and this is what this broadcast gave us. Shostakovich was oddly placed between Pérotin and Schütz in the Thursday Invitation Concert (Third Programme, March 16), represented by his Fourth String Quartet (well played by the Allegri); but the honours of the evening went undoubtedly to Imogen Holst and her Purcell Singers and an anonymous 'instrumental ensemble' for their performance of Pérotin's extraordinary organum *Viderunt Omnes*; while Peter Pears was a most moving and expressive Evangelist in the prophetic *St. John Passion* by Heinrich Schütz.

ROLLO H. MYERS

Rameau's 'Dardanus'

By MARTIN COOPER

The opera will be broadcast at 5.0 p.m. on Sunday, March 26 (Third Programme)



DURING THE hundred years that separate the ascendancies of the Italian Lully and the Austrian Gluck there is only one big name in the history of French music, and that is Jean-Philippe Rameau. He was born in 1683 at Dijon into an organist's family and it was as an organist that he spent all the first half of his life—at Dijon, Clermont-Ferrand, Lyon, Avignon, and Paris. Long before he turned his attention to the opera, in which he was to make his greatest reputation, he published harpsichord pieces (the first book in 1706, at the age of twenty-three) and the first of those theoretical studies which always engaged his speculative mind. The *Traité de l'Harmonie*, published in 1722, made him a reputation in the learned world but could hardly win him popular success; and it was not until eleven years later, when he produced his first opera at the age of fifty, that his name came before the general public. In the seven years between 1733 and 1740 Rameau produced the five operas—*Hippolyte et Aricie*, *Les Indes Galantes*, *Castor et Pollux*, *Les Fêtes d'Hébé*, and *Dardanus*—which are by common consent his masterpieces, and he was hailed, by admirers and detractors alike, as unquestionably the greatest living French composer.

It was not enough, however, for a French composer in those days to be successful; he must also be classified, his attitude to tradition must be defined and his place in the scheme of musical politics clarified. Tradition meant Lully. Was Rameau in the apostolic succession from Lully or was he a schismatic? Was his taste truly French or was he open to suspicions of Italianism? Rameau's music was too many-sided, too big, and too individual to permit any easy pigeon-holing. In form his operas were certainly traditional, and he introduced no striking innovations either into the orchestra or into the arrangement of airs, recitatives, and divertissements—ballets or purely instrumental episodes— inherited from Lully. The music itself was a different matter, for, unlike Lully, Rameau was a musician first and last, and correct declamation and the literary quality of a libretto were for him secondary considerations. A singer who complained that she could not make her voice, let alone her words, audible above his music earned from Rameau the retort that 'he did not care a jot so long as his music could be heard', and he always welcomed opportunities for writing orchestral music—overtures, 'symphonies' or divertissements—in his operas. The five acts of *Castor et Pollux*, for instance,

contain no fewer than seventeen divertissements.

The French public, brought up on Lully, demanded a coherent 'lyrical tragedy' and a libretto that could be heard and was worth hearing. Instead they found themselves inundated by a vigorous, self-sufficient music such as led Voltaire himself to complain of 'the profusion of semi-quavers' in *Les Indes Galantes* and prompted the comment that during the whole three hours of *Dardanus* the orchestral players had not time to sneeze. It was the same criticism that Mozart's music was to meet fifty years later—'too many notes'.

Rameau in fact conceived opera less as a tragedy set to music than as a dramatic stage spectacle enhanced and embellished by music. He aimed at the musical transposition of a stage scene, at expressiveness in the big dramatic moments, vivid musical scene-painting and sustained purely musical interest throughout. The libretto was no more than a peg on which to hang his music, and in the case of *Dardanus* a weak peg at that. This was the fifth of his operas and had only twenty-six performances when it first appeared in 1739, but Rameau showed his comparative indifference to the libretto (provided by Le Clerc de la Bruère, a young nobleman of more wit than literary talent) by reshaping the work for performance five years later. The version generally used today combines elements of both.

The subject is mythological, with a strong admixture of supernatural intervention, introduced no doubt to provide the spectacular element which the public demanded and the composer welcomed as a pretext for the choral and instrumental music that he enjoyed writing. After a short overture the Prologue opens at the court of the god of Love, where Venus and Jealousy are seen surrounded by troupes of attendant Graces, Pleasures, and other minions, whose disputes fill two scenes with choruses and dances which are as packed with musical invention as they are irrelevant to the drama which follows.

In Act 1 we meet the heroine, Iphise, deplored her unhappy love for Dardanus, the enemy of her father Teucer who wishes her to marry Antenor. Most of this act is devoted to martial music for the two men and the chorus, with Iphise nursing her secret sorrow in the background. Act 2 introduces the magician Ismenor, whom Dardanus consults on his unhappy love for Iphise. Ismenor gives him a magic ring which enables him to take Ismenor's place when first Antenor and then Iphise come to consult the magician, and to receive in disguise the con-

fession of her love. Much of this act is conducted in recitative, though the opening scene contains fine descriptive music for the magician's 'mysteries' and Iphise's character is developed with great skill and tenderness. In the third act, which takes place in Teucer's palace, her grief takes on an almost funereal note, which is struck at once in the strong chromatic harmonies of the E minor prelude. The news of Teucer's victory over Dardanus and the accompanying rejoicings are interrupted by the report of a monster ravaging the countryside, and Antenor at once volunteers to lead an expedition.

The fourth act takes place on the sea-shore, where Venus and her train are discovered with Dardanus, asleep, in her protection. The Dreams, who soothe Dardanus's sleep, break off to announce the approach of the monster, which appears on the stage to the accompaniment of suitably excited music, and Dardanus eventually wakes and pursues it. Antenor then appears. His arrival is followed by a violent storm and the reappearance of the monster, which is about to kill him when Dardanus returns, saves Antenor, and despatches the monster. As his only reward Dardanus demands that Antenor restore Iphise her freedom. The last act, in Teucer's palace, shows the crowds hailing Antenor as the monster's destroyer. When Dardanus appears Antenor recognizes him as the true hero and there is much mutual protesting of noble feelings before Dardanus finally wins his Iphise and their marriage is celebrated in the presence of Venus and her court.

The story is of course nonsensical and contrives to combine almost every absurdity to be found in librettos, from those based on Ariosto to *Siegfried*. But Rameau has filled every cranny with music which ranges from the most delicate dance-movements, trios and duets to the most vigorous and rhythmically exciting choruses. Of character-drawing there is hardly any, apart from the figure of Iphise, but both the recitative and many of the set airs are dramatically apt in themselves, even though they lack the strong framework of a plausible plot and continuous psychological development in the modern sense. *Dardanus* is remembered today solely for the variety, the profusion, of its music. As a spectacle we should no doubt find it tedious, if not ridiculous, but Rameau's ability to fill out with music the obsolete forms of Lully's *tragédie lyrique* more than made up for his weakness as a musical dramatist and was to earn the admiration of Gluck, whose own gifts were almost exactly complementary to his.

Inter-Regional Bridge Competition

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



IN THE FIRST programme of a new inter-regional competition (Midlands area; round one, heat one) Warwickshire, represented by Mrs. M. Davies and Mrs. E. Dixon Green, met Nottinghamshire, Mr. W. E. Lee and Mr. P. Heywood. More emphasis is being placed on card play than in earlier series, and the first part of each programme deals with the play of a hand. This was the opening problem:

WEST	EAST
♠ A Q 8 6 5	♠ K 10 9 4
♥ K 7 5	♥ A 6 3
♦ 6 2	♦ Q J 3
♣ A J 4	♣ K 10 5

West has to play in Four Spades against the opening lead of the two of hearts. The outstanding trumps divide 2-2.

One competitor on either side thought that the best chance was to lead up to dummy's diamond holding after drawing trumps and rely on North holding one of the honours. If, however, South held A K 10 of diamonds he would be able to exit with hearts and the declarer would still have to rely on a club finesse.

Mrs. Dixon Green and Mr. P. Heywood both saw the correct solution—an early throw-in which guarantees the contract. After drawing trumps the declarer makes his second heart trick and exits with a heart. If South wins he must

either give a ruff and discard, open the club suit or open the diamond suit from an unfavourable position. If North wins the heart he can safely play a diamond: an honour is played from the table and South wins. Any card he now plays assures West of his tenth trick.

Mr. Heywood expressed himself rather more clearly, and Nottingham took a lead of one point. Warwickshire caught up in the second part of the competition when the competitors answered a series of questions based on a single hand, and the teams had everything to play for when they were asked to bid the following hands.

West dealer; Game all:

WEST	EAST
♠ 10 5	♠ K Q J 8 7
♥ Q 9 7 5 3 2	♥ A
♦ 8 4	♦ Q 3
♣ A Q 7	♣ K J 10 9 6

The Warwickshire pair failed to score when they ended too high:

WEST	Mrs. Davies	EAST	Mrs. Dixon Green
No		1C	
1H		1S	
2H		2S	
4C		5C	
No Bid			

The Nottinghamshire pair pursued the same course for the first three rounds of the auction: at this point Mr. Lee gave a simple preference to Three Clubs after his partner's bid of Two Spades, and Mr. Heywood passed. This scored five points and made Nottinghamshire the winners by 27 points to 22 points. A part score in spades would have been similarly rewarded, and a maximum ten points was awarded to a final contract of Four Spades.

In the first auction West's bid of Four Clubs was rather forward but it was felt that East was still at fault in going for an eleven-trick contract. With three top losers outside the trump suit, and the likelihood of partner having wasted high cards in hearts, it was too much to expect that a partner who had passed once would fill the gaps. The bid we had hoped to hear from an imaginative West player was a raise to Three Spades after East had rebid his spade suit. At this point East is known to be 5-5 in the black suits and West's pictures must surely fill the club suit. West's 10 of spades might well prove adequate support and ten tricks prove easier in spades than eleven in clubs.

—Network Three

A new monthly magazine, *TV International*, described as 'a magazine for television executives throughout the world' has now been published. The annual subscription is £3 15s.

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ABOUT THE HOUSE



Flavouring with Garlic

IN USING GARLIC one must consider three basic facts: first, the heavy flavour that offends many people disappears if the garlic is crushed before using it. It seems to eliminate the strong odour and flavour and leaves a pleasing pungency. Second, this same heavy flavour of the garlic will disappear if simmered in a liquid. And, third, garlic acquires a bitter taste if allowed to cook in butter or oil long enough to take on colour. In making garlic-flavoured butter sauces or sautéed foods I add the crushed garlic to butter already heated, or lightly browned and just heated through, before pouring the sauce over the food.

Here are some of my favourite ways of using garlic: garlic butter sauce, especially good for sautéed foods. I make it by heating a little butter to a nutty brown colour, then add a little crushed garlic and some finely chopped parsley. I also like fresh breadcrumbs mixed with a small amount of crushed garlic and some finely chopped parsley, or other fresh herbs. This Provençal recipe is delicious on foods to be grilled. I often use the French trick of inserting pieces of garlic in incisions made in the meat when I roast lamb, beef, or pork.

ROBERT CARRIER

—‘Woman’s Hour’ (Light Programme)

Hazelnut Cake

To make hazelnut cake with chocolate cream you will need, for the cake itself:

5 egg whites
8 oz. of castor sugar
8 oz. of shelled hazelnuts
1 tablespoon of dry breadcrumbs

Beat the egg whites until stiff and dry. Add sugar and continue beating until blended.

Put the hazelnuts into a heavy saucepan and shake over a low fire until the skins can be easily removed. Turn the nuts out on to a tea-cloth and wrap it over them. Rub them together in the cloth to remove as much of the skin as possible. Grind the nuts and fold them into the egg and sugar mixture, together with the breadcrumbs, and blend well.

Turn the mixture out into a rectangular tin, lined with greaseproof paper. Bake in a moderate oven for 30 to 35 minutes, gas mark 4, electricity 350 F.

Put the cake out on to a wire rack. Pull the paper off and let it cool while preparing the filling.

For the filling take:

5 oz. of castor sugar
5 egg yolks
3 oz. of plain chocolate
6 oz. of unsalted butter
1 tablespoon of rum (or a drop of rum essence)

Mix the egg yolks with the sugar and add the melted chocolate. Beat over steam until thick and creamy. Take off the heat and let it cool. When quite cold, add the butter in small pieces and beat until creamy, and light in colour.

When the cake is cold, cut it into two, lengthways. Spread the cream on one half and lay the other half on top. Cover the top and sides of the cake with the chocolate cream and decorate with chopped nuts. Chill before serving.

If you do not wish to use the chocolate cream, the baked mixture can be cut into wedges and served as biscuits.

KATO FRANK

—B.B.C. Television Cookery Club

Light Supper for Four

Separate four eggs and beat the yolks together. Add two or three tablespoons of sharp-flavoured, grated cheese and about four slices of crisp,

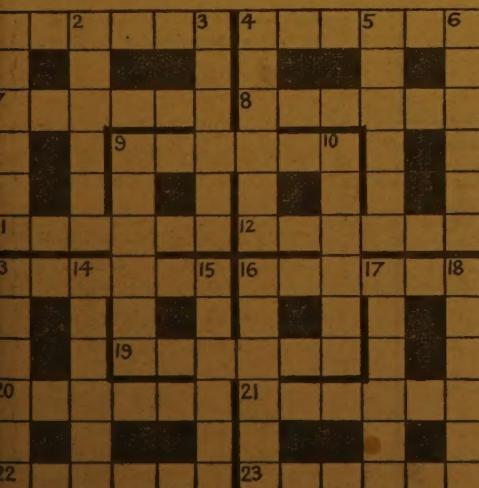
Crossword No. 1,608.

Half and Half.

By Vectis

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, March 30. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked ‘Crossword’ in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor’s decision is final.



Each clue leads to a six-letter word. Half of this word (either the first half or the second half) is to be placed in the diagram in either the first half or the second half of the position corresponding to the clue number—the balance of the word is to be used to complete a word elsewhere in the diagram.

CLUES—ACROSS

- He may have the general’s assistant at heart but he goes not on a friendly mission
- It’s the keeper of the royal park’s turn to collect
- Light sailing ship—no cutter although mostly cut
- Capes are essential being in Nova Scotia
- ‘In — years and honesty kersey noes’ (*Love’s Labour’s Lost*)
- ‘... where the Attic bird — her thick-warbled notes the summer long’ (*Paradise Regained*)
- Dawdle . . . like J. Spode, for example?
- A prisoner had better not break it or it’s back in the pale!
- This animal has a right mean make-up!
- In what may be given for your thoughts, ponder . . . a queen was not!
- Contradiction from Daniel
- Concluded with a dense daughter
- Depends on 51—Dai’s round!
- A botcher? He won’t care his damn!

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

cooked, and crumbled bacon. Whip the egg whites stiffly, fold into the yolks, and heap on slices of buttered toast. Put under a low grill and cook for 5 to 6 minutes. Serve with spinach.

JEAN BALFOUR

—‘Shopping List’ (Home Service)

Home Hints is the title of a selection of suggestions on household care and maintenance broadcast by the late Ruth Drew in ‘Today’ (B.B.C. Home Service). It can be ordered through newsagents and booksellers or by sending a crossed postal-order (not stamps) for 1s. 6d. to B.B.C. Publications, ‘Hints’, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1.

Notes on Contributors

SIR IVOR JENNINGS, K.B.E. (page 511): Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge University; Constitutional Adviser, Pakistan, 1954-55; author of *Problems of the New Commonwealth, Party Politics, etc.*

RICHARD VAN ALSTYNE (page 513): Professor of History and International Relations, University of Southern California; author of *The Rising American Empire*

PAUL BAREAU (page 515): Editor elect, *The Statist*; Economic Editor, *The Daily Mail*; author of *The Sterling Area*

ROBERTO GERHARD (page 519): Catalan composer working in England since 1939; works include the opera *The Duenna*, the ballet *Ariel*, the song cycle *L’infantament meravellos de Shaharazada*, etc.

BAMBERT GASCOIGNE (page 523): dramatic critic of *The Spectator*

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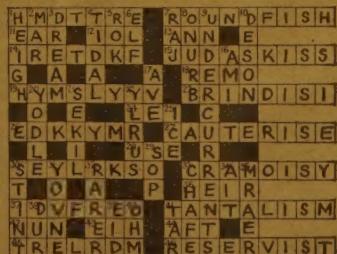
REV. C. F. D. MOULE (page 527): Lady Margaret’s Professor of Divinity, Cambridge University; author of *An Idiom Book of New Testament Greek*, etc.

MARTIN COOPER (page 545): music critic, *Daily Telegraph*; editor, *Musical Times*, 1953-56; author of *Gluck, Bizet, Opéra Comique, Russian Opera*, etc.

DOWN

- Mother’s got the shakes (Pistachio Lenticus)
- Fruit can be so evil
- ‘I took a — large and new, Fit for the deed I had to do’ (*Through the Looking-Glass*)
- Specifies a gallery aboard
- Edgar’s making degrees!
- Parched—as a little Dickens’ character becomes on changing ends
- Adorned with legendary, I leave laid up
- Sucking-fish turns rambler
- Filled with a first-rate date
- All are dangerous in war—according to Dryden
- Club for a motorist?
- A Scots peasant’s key?
- Checked and corrected, in a manner of speaking
- Let water of French lake blend

Solution of No. 1,606



1st prize: Mrs E. M. Duncan (Aberdeen); 2nd prize: H. Brown (London, S.W.2); 3rd prize: David Lewis (Saffron Walden)

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FORGOTTEN

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The situation of the Camps is often in barren land—scrubland without shelter, shorn of opportunity to find food or fuel. The basic allowance of food is miserably small: about half of what is required to maintain even a low standard of life. Reports tell of two out of three children dying of hunger and disease in some Camps. Unless aid is rushed to them many more will die and leave behind a legacy of lasting bitterness which will destroy the future for which so many worthy people are striving.

A delegation of French Church Leaders visited the Camps and were horrified at the conditions they found. Naked children prostrate on the ground suffering from fever. No medicines were available.

It is not for us to concern ourselves with the political issue. All we know is that tiny children and innocent people are again the victims of war. They have not the means to plead so we must ask for your help in their name.

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